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JUNE 2014

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ATTACK OF THE ATOMIC IDIOTS

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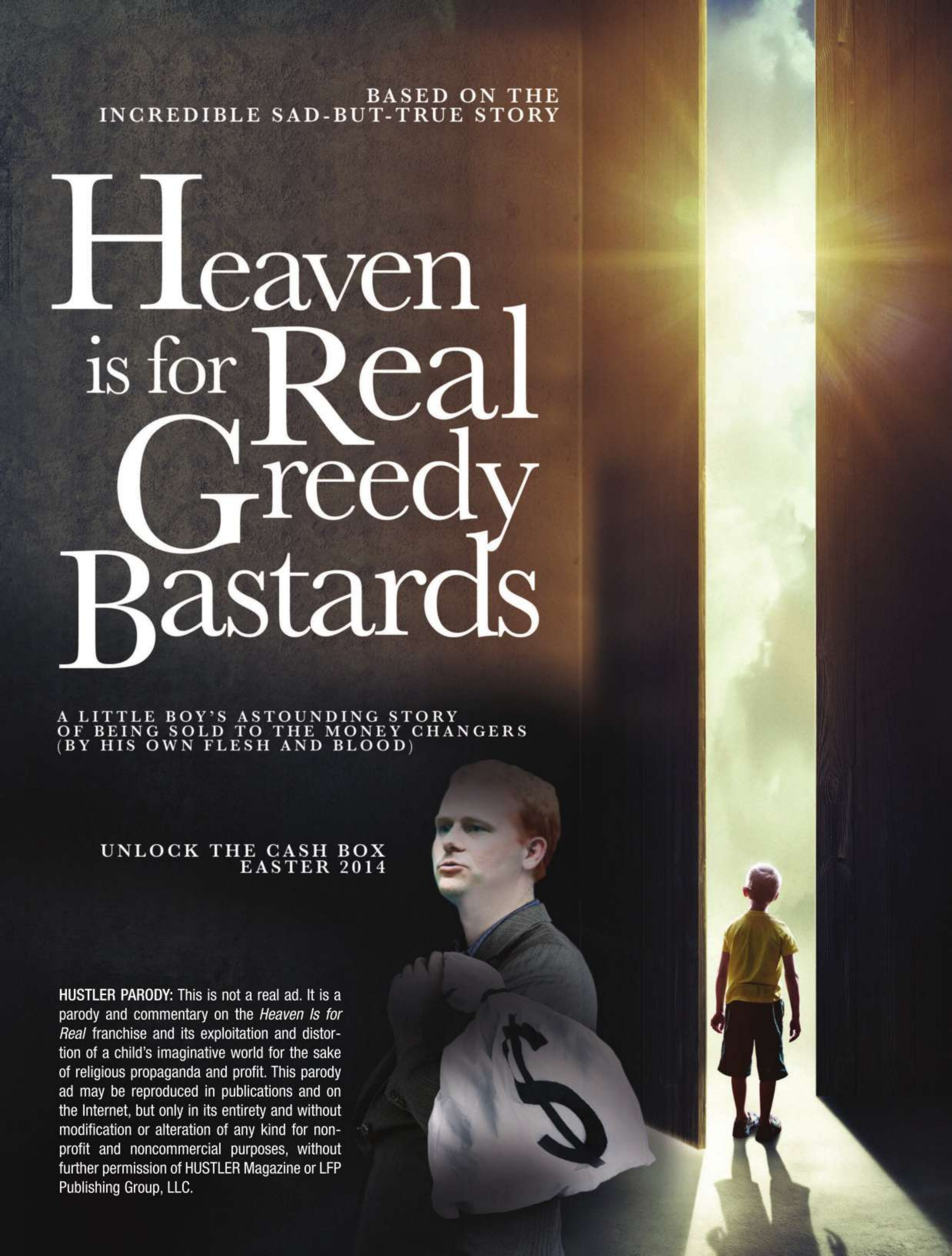

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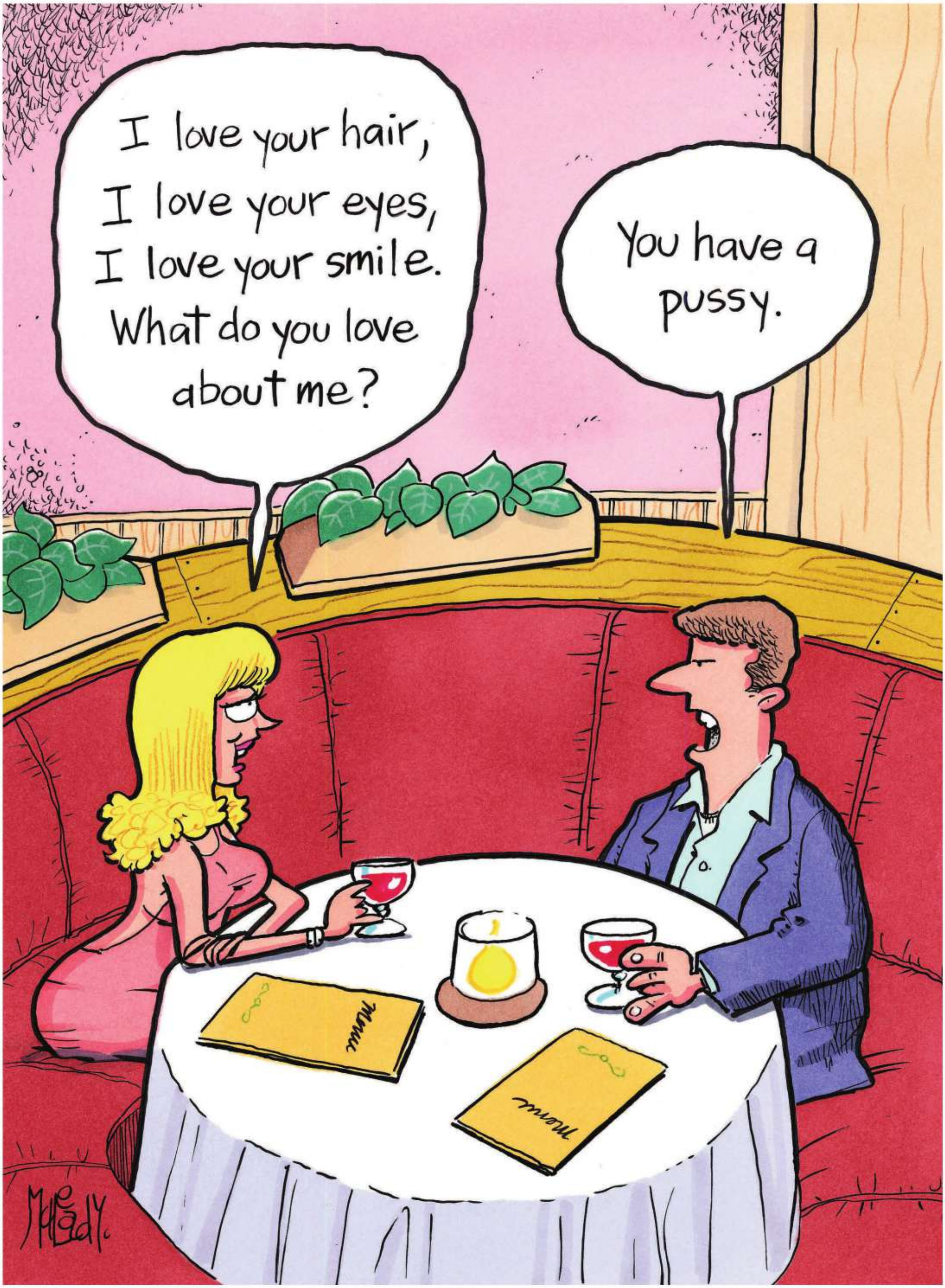
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You have a pussy.
Menu
Menu
McLeady.

JUNE 2014
Volume 40 Number 13
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM
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THE UNSEEN OBSCENITY

Back in 1977, I wrote an editorial proclaiming that the real obscenity of our time isn't pornography; it's war. That hasn't changed. In some ways warfare has become more brutally impersonal and indecent than ever.

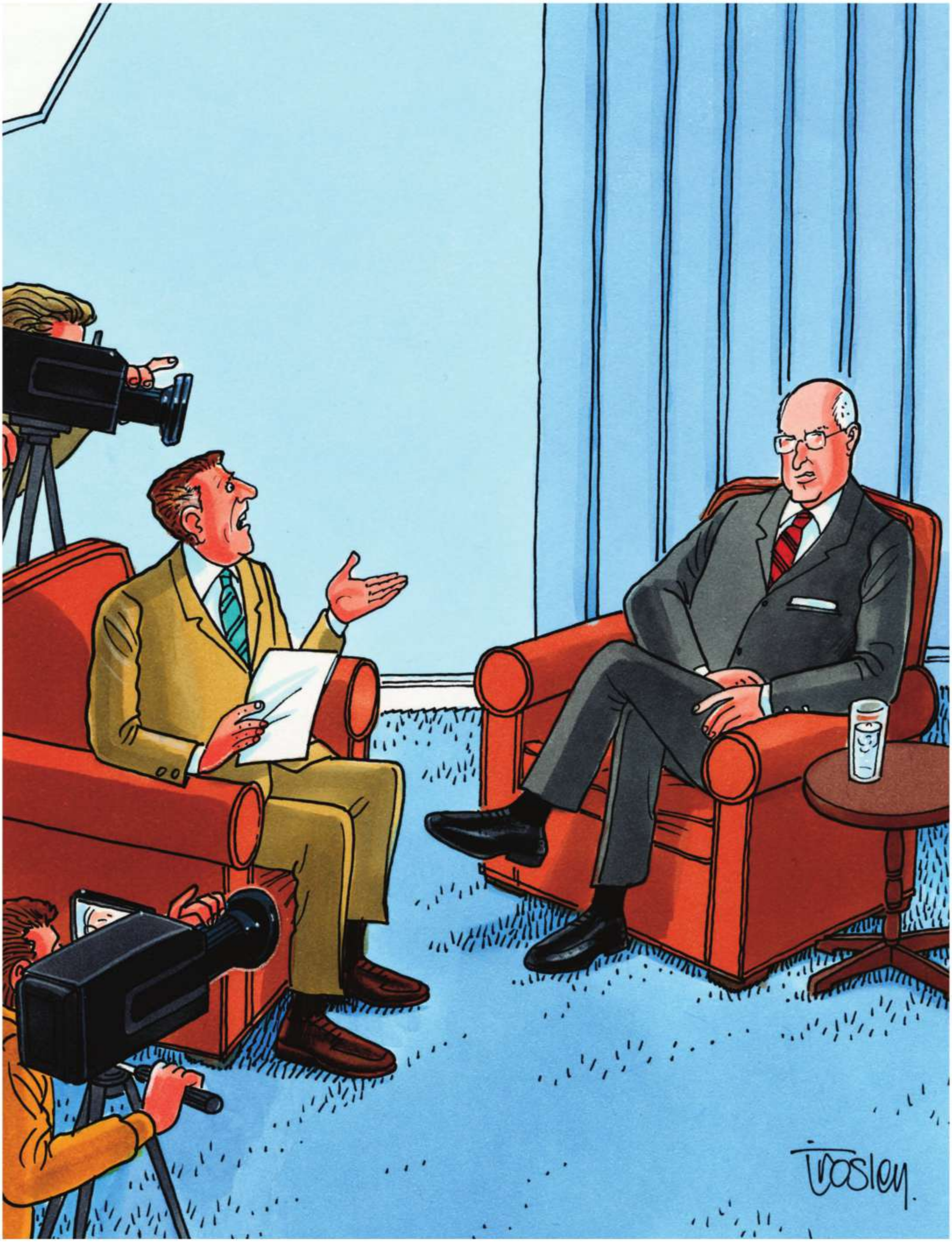
Consider our country's expanding policy of covert operations with military drones. Scores of civilians abroad are being killed and maimed in long-distance, unmanned strikes without the American people's knowledge or approval. As for the targeted "combatants," no proof of their guilt is made public. It may be the most invisible war ever waged.

Thanks to investigative reporters and films like the Oscar-honored *Dirty Wars*, the scale and injustice of America's new brand of killing is finally being exposed. A lethal combination of technology and executive power is being forged that will expand and be misused far beyond what we are now seeing with the Obama Administration.

There is no way to conduct warfare with drones that accords with our Constitutional principles. Drone strikes amount to assassination and summary execution without warning or due process. Persons on the "kill list" don't have the chance of surrendering, much less proving innocence, before being blown away by a missile fired from remote command thousands of miles away. On top of it all, our new mode of warfare is creating more enemies than it kills, as evidenced by a recent resurgence of radical, anti-American groups in targeted countries. Our government is allowing itself the drone option even in countries against which we have not formally declared war.

This is a stark departure from the American ideal. It represents the decision to wield military might according to the secretive methods of intelligence agencies rather than under the authority of the people's representatives. If that's not obscene, I don't know what is.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"Mr. Cheney, tell us about the nerve-racking wait for your heart transplant while they looked for the right-size rock."

TRUTH, TREASON & THE AMERICAN WAY?

TODAY'S PERSECUTED WHISTLEBLOWERS ARE PART OF A GREAT TRADITION THAT PREDATES THE CONSTITUTION.

Edward Snowden is the John Peter Zenger of our time. In case you don't get the historical reference, Zenger was a key figure in this nation's grand struggle for freedom of the press. In 1734 he was charged with seditious libel for printing articles challenging the power of New York's colonial governor. Zenger was jailed for more than eight months before being tried, but a jury's not-guilty verdict set the standard for unfettered freedom of the press incorporated in the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

Like Zenger, Snowden faces the charge of sedition based on publicizing information that was both true and embarrassing to the government. And like Zenger, whistleblower Snowden has a solid argument in his defense that the highest obligation of a free press is to present the truth to the public no matter its inconvenience to the powers that be.

In 1721 Zenger expressed that same notion in his anti-royal newspaper, the *New York Weekly Journal*: "The exposing therefore of publick wickedness, as it is a duty which every man owes to the truth and his country, can never be a libel in the nature of things."

Snowden has made that same point in defense of his leaking information about the National Security Agency's widespread and deeply intrusive surveillance of every aspect of the lives of people throughout the world. Moreover, this egregious spying was conducted without the specific warrants required by the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

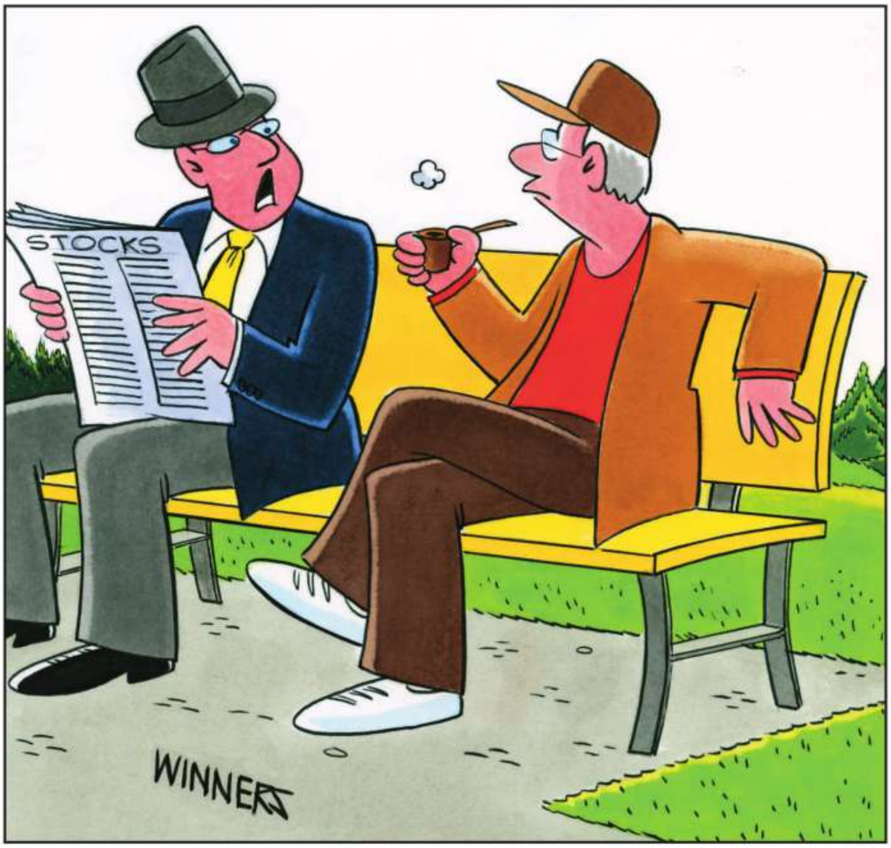
The truth that Snowden shared with major news organizations was kept from the American public and indeed was specifically denied by James R. Clapper Jr., the director of national intelligence. Testifying at a Senate committee hearing, Clapper blatantly lied when he insisted that the NSA was not in the business of snooping on the phone records and emails of ordinary Americans. Clapper perjured himself with that testimony but has never been held accountable. Meanwhile, Snowden—who told the truth—faces the potential of life in prison for violating the Espionage Act.

As citizens in a democracy, we should all be indebted to Snowden. This was conveyed with brilliant clarity in a *New York Times* editorial urging a plea bargain or clemency for the former NSA contractor: "Seven months ago, the world began to learn the vast scope of the National Security Agency's reach into the lives of hundreds of millions of people in the United States and around the globe, as it collects information about their phone calls, their email messages, their friends and contacts, how they spend their days and where they spend their nights. The public learned in great detail how the agency has exceeded its mandate and abused its authority, prompting outrage at kitchen tables and at the desks of Congress, which may finally begin to limit these practices.…All of this is entirely because of information provided to journalists by Edward Snowden.…He has done his country a great service."

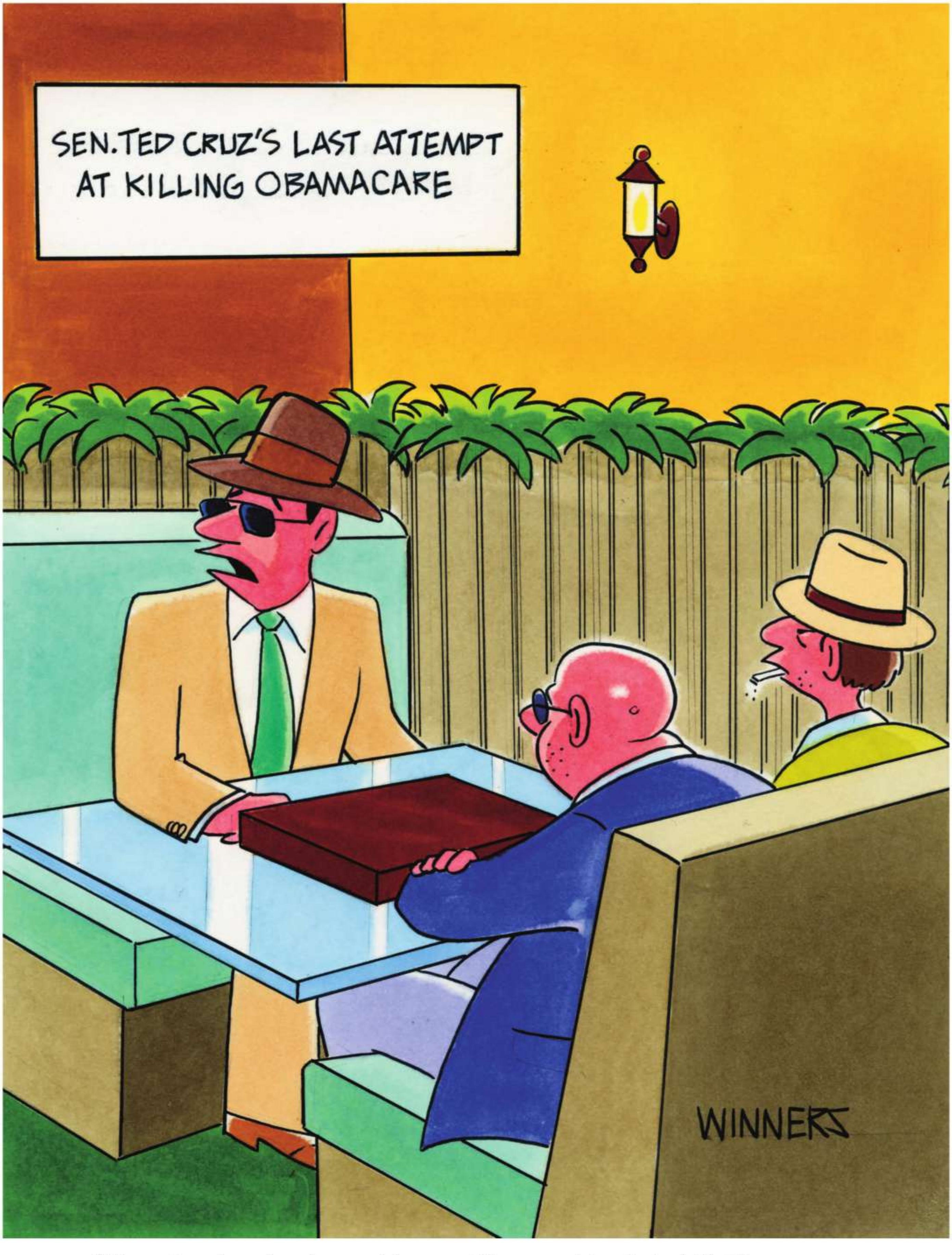
This is a classic condemnation of the totalitarian overreach of our government by the leading establishment newspaper in the nation. But the spirit of the *New York Times* editorial is exactly in character with the alarm Zenger sounded almost three centuries ago that inspired a constitution which protected the rights of the individual against the overwhelming power of the state: "I have indeed often wondered, that the inveighing against the interest of the people, and calling their liberties in question, as has been and is commonly done amongst us by old knaves and young fools, has never been made an express crime. I must own, I know not what treason is, if sapping and betraying the liberties of a people be not treason."

By Zenger's rationale, it should be spy chief James R. Clapper Jr. who stands charged with acts of treason for "sapping and betraying the liberties of a people"—not Edward Snowden, whose only crime is telling the public the truth they need to know as informed citizens in a democracy. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*



"I sent my representative to Congress to represent me and vote his conscience, but it turns out the bastard doesn't have a conscience."


SEN. TED CRUZ'S LAST ATTEMPT AT KILLING OBAMACARE
WINNERS

"There's a hundred grand here. All you gotta do is kill Obamacare.
But you gotta make it look like an accident."

SCHOOLYARD POLICE STATE?

STUDENTS ARE BEING CUFFED FOR MISBEHAVING AND GETTING A LESSON ABOUT BIG BROTHER.

The National Security Agency's voracious surveillance of Americans shows what the federal government thinks of privacy. But local law-enforcement agencies and school administrators nationwide are also destroying We the People's Constitutional rights with impunity.

In his TomDispatch.com blog "The Over-Policing of America," lawyer Chase Madar details how oppressive our country has become: "There is the proliferation of heavily armed SWAT teams, even in small towns; the use of shock-and-awe tactics to bust small-time bookies; the no-knock raids to recover trace amount of drugs that often result in the killing of family dogs, if not family members. ...But American over-policing involves far more than the widely reported up-armoring of your local precinct. It's also the way police power has entered the DNA of social policy, turning just about every sphere of American life into a police matter."

Madar continues with the transmogrification of America into a dictatorship like the Soviet Union under Josef Stalin: "It starts in our schools, where discipline is increasingly outsourced to police personnel. What not long ago would have been seen as normal childhood misbehavior—doodling on a desk, farting in class, a kindergartener's tantrum—can leave a kid in handcuffs, removed from school or even booked at the local precinct. Such 'criminals' can be as young as seven-year-old Wilson Reyes, a New Yorker who was handcuffed and interrogated under suspicion of stealing five dollars from a classmate. (Turned out he didn't do it.)"

During my 50 years at *The Village Voice*, I wrote about Wilson Reyes and other kids taken into police custody for minor infractions. In a more civilized era of American schooling they would have merely been scolded by their teacher or perhaps sent to the principal's office.

New York State law prohibits children under 16 from being arrested for minor, noncriminal violations like loitering. But until deciding not to seek a fourth term, Michael Bloomberg—New York City's self-anointed "Education Mayor"—and former Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly fostered the policy of booking "problem" students at the nearest precinct house.

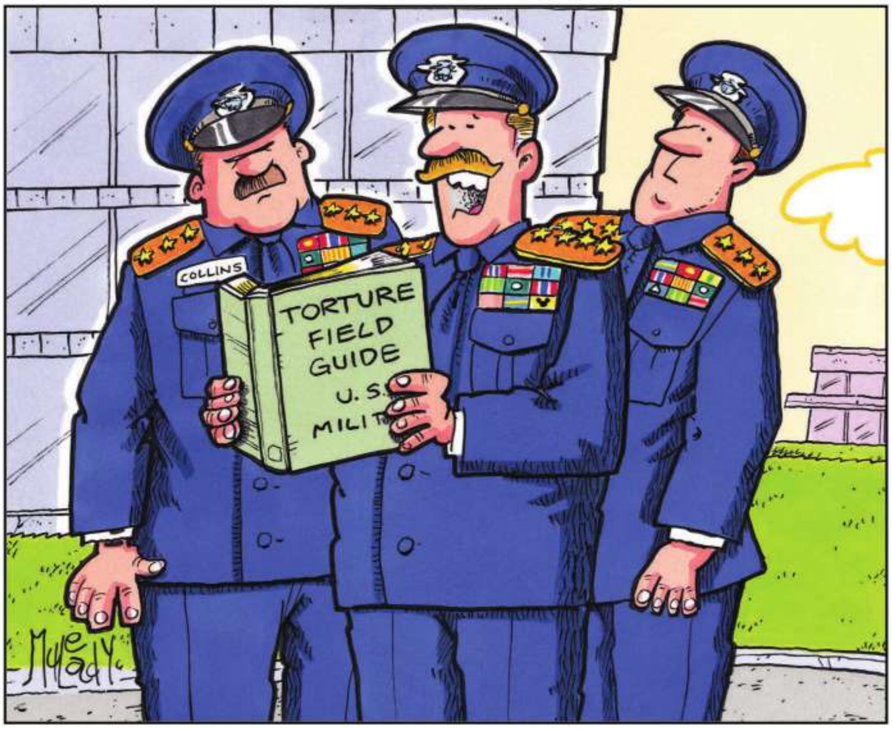
Human rights advocate John W. Whitehead, head of The Rutherford Institute, has continually documented the extent of over-policing. He believes that America's schools have been transformed into "authoritarian instruments of compliance" and cites a litany of glaring examples: "A 14-year-old student arrested for texting in class. Three middle-school-aged boys in Florida thrown to the ground by police officers wielding rifles, who then arrested them for goofing off on the roof of the school....Two six-year-old students in Maryland suspended for using their fingers as imaginary guns in a schoolyard game of cops-and-robbers. A 12-year-old New York student hauled out of school in handcuffs for doodling on her desk with an erasable marker."

Will any candidate for the Presidency—or Congress or governor—have anything to say about this astute observation by John W. Whitehead? "Despite a general consensus that zero-tolerance policies have failed to have any appreciable impact on student safety, schools have doubled down on these policies to the detriment of children all across the nation. Indeed...we are now seeing school officials reaching into the personal lives of students to police their behavior at all times. For example, 13,000 students in the Glendale Unified School District in California are now being subjected to constant social-media monitoring....Students will have their posts and comments analyzed for evidence of 'bullying, cyber-bullying, hate and shaming activities, depression, harm and self-harm, self-hate and suicide, crime, vandalism, substance abuse and truancy.'"

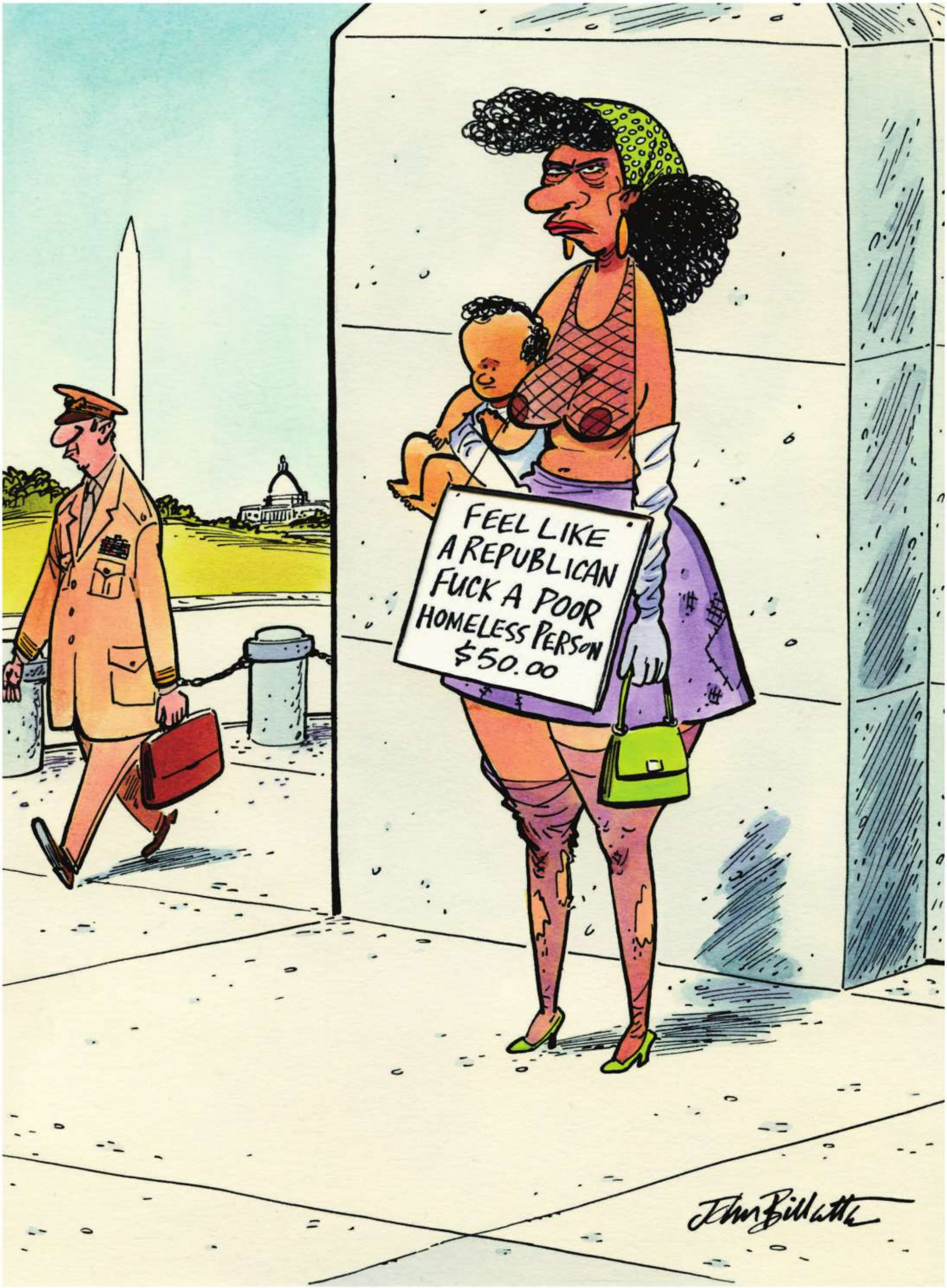
Whitehead goes on to comment, "What we are witnessing is a paradigm shift in American society, in which no personal activity is safe from the prying eyes of government agents and their corporate allies....By allowing our children to be subject to the forces of the market and the dictates of the state, we are ensuring tyranny within a generation or two, if not sooner."

It's time for parents, educators, politicians and the rest of us to have zero tolerance for anything that will transform America into a police state.

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and Jazz Foundation of America board member, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist and jazz critic. His books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.



"Damn! The new torture field guide says we can't use waterboarding, sleep deprivation or naked pictures of Ann Coulter to extract information from prisoners!"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RAND PAUL

This month's shit-for-brains is a Republican only because the Libertarian Party ain't got a turd's chance at the toilet factory of ever getting into the White House. And because the Tea Party isn't really a party, just a whacko faction of the GOP. And because the Ku Klux Klan isn't a party either. And because there isn't a party called the Avenging Neo-Confederate Racists of America. So this poor wannabe renegade senator from Kentucky has to make hay with the GOP's old pussified conservatives and bite his tongue so much, it must be one big chunk of scar tissue by now.

But every once in a while Rand Paul can't stand it anymore and blurts out tough little nuggets of shit from his terminally constipated soul. On Fox News recently he twisted American history into a pretzel when he said: "Well, you know, the danger to majority rule, to [Obama] sort of thinking, the majority voted for me, now I'm the majority, I can do whatever I want and that there are no rules that restrain me—that's what gave us Jim Crow, that's what gave us the internment of the Japanese, that the majority said, 'You don't have individual rights, and individual rights don't come from your creator, and they are not guaranteed by the Constitution.' Just whatever the majority wants."

That sums up so much of Rand Paul's thinking in a few words, it's like a high-resolution colonoscopy. Right out of the gate, he plainly states his contempt for the basis of our democracy: majority rule. Next he panders to the idea that Obama is some sort of raving King Kong, an image Rand's noose-braiding base eats up with a spoon. The reality, of course, is that GOP obstructionism has made Obama one of the most hobbled Presidents in American history. If the President were doing less of what he wants and more of what we liberals want, he'd be using our "majority rule" a lot more aggressively.

Rand really puts logic through the ringer when he suggests Jim Crow laws were blessed by the majority. Bullshit. The South was ruled by a corrupt, white, racist minority for ages. Comparing the first black President to the rednecks who legislated segregation is such an obvious bone tossed to his rabid supremacist constituency, it's DOA as serious political discourse.

Rand blathered on, "Progressives believe in majority rule, not Constitutional rule. They don't believe that rights are inherent to the individual. They think your rights are whatever the government says they are, whatever the majority says." Here we have the kernel of his absolutist thinking: individual rights. Sounds good at first. Who doesn't like rights? But what he means is, individuals have the right to be as racist, greedy and harmful to the common good as they want—and the gubmint should butt out!

Rand's dad, Representative Ron Paul, suffered the same fate of being forced to bed down with conservatives to save his political career. The original Paultard indoctrinated his son at a young age, drowning him in drivel like the free-market ideologies of the Austrian School and the reactionary ravings of Ayn Rand, stuff that preaches a dog-eat-dog doctrine of self-interest. Daddy Rand, it seems, also passed on to his progeny a preference for bad company.

One of the creepiest clues to the real Rand Paul is his close association with Jack Hunter, a white supremacist shitbag who called himself the Southern Avenger and liked to wear a Confederate-flag mask on his face. Rand wrote a Tea Party book with this yahoo. Then there's Rand's former campaign spokesman, Chris Hightower, whose MySpace page featured jokey references to lynchings and the KKK.

Knowing all that, no one's surprised Rand Paul ain't a big fan of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, one of our country's landmark achievements in the cause of true democracy and equality. What doesn't he like about it? Well, just Title II, which prohibits private businesses from discriminating against races and religions. If it were up to Rand, the owner of the gas station on the corner or the movie theater down the block could tell families to keep moving just because they're the wrong color or religion. That's his individual right! Make no mistake, Rand says, "I abhor racism" and would have marched with Martin Luther King Jr. He neglected to add: We just couldn't have sat together at the local coffee shop after the non-discrimination march because, you know, he was colored.

Rand scoffs at anyone who calls him on the racist stuff, saying they're avoiding the "real issues." Okay, let's look at a real issue: immigration reform. Rand's cool with letting people work legally but says that "the sticking point" is when "we have to have immediate voting privileges for those who came here illegally." In other words, they should be second-class citizens. Is this more supremacy or just Rand knowing that if everybody gets to vote, he's toast? Let try another one: unemployment insurance. "Conservatives who argue for shorter unemployment benefits," according to Rand, "actually have more concern for the worker than liberals who believe in no limits. Conservatives want to get every able-bodied person back into the workforce." Yeah, Rand, those "able-bodied" are taking advantage because being on unemployment with a family to feed is the fucking lap of luxury.

Whatever the issue, Rand's brand of individual rights is more like personal supremacy. His world is made of winners (mostly whites) and freeloaders (everybody else). Try as he might to be more majority friendly, Rand will always be the fringe guy, and all the toilet paper in the world won't be able to wipe off the smear of bigotry on his record. Give up the presidential dream, Rand, and shoot for something you can actually win, like Imperial Wizard. You'll love bonfire night. H

PHOTO BY NIGEL WALDRON/WIREIMAGE

NOBEL GESTURE

Backed by a band wearing bright blue HUSTLER tees, Morrissey took center stage at the Nobel Peace Prize concert. Moz's appearance sparked controversy in Norway, stemming from comments he made after right-wing extremist Anders Breivik gunned down 77 people there in July 2011. During a performance of the song "Meat Is Murder" in Poland, the animal-rights advocate declared that the events were "nothing compared to what happens in McDonald's and Kentucky Fried Shit every day." Judging by his band's wardrobe choice, he agrees with Larry Flynt that "Freedom of speech is only important if it protects the right to be offensive."

"It's easy to be controversial in pop music because no one ever is." —MORRISSEY, MUSICIAN

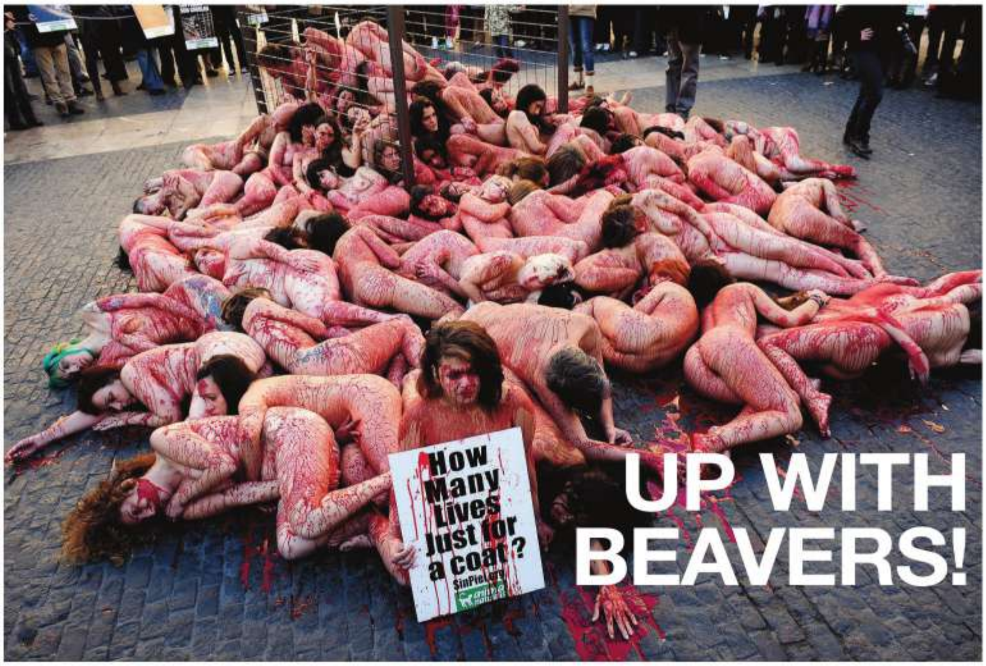
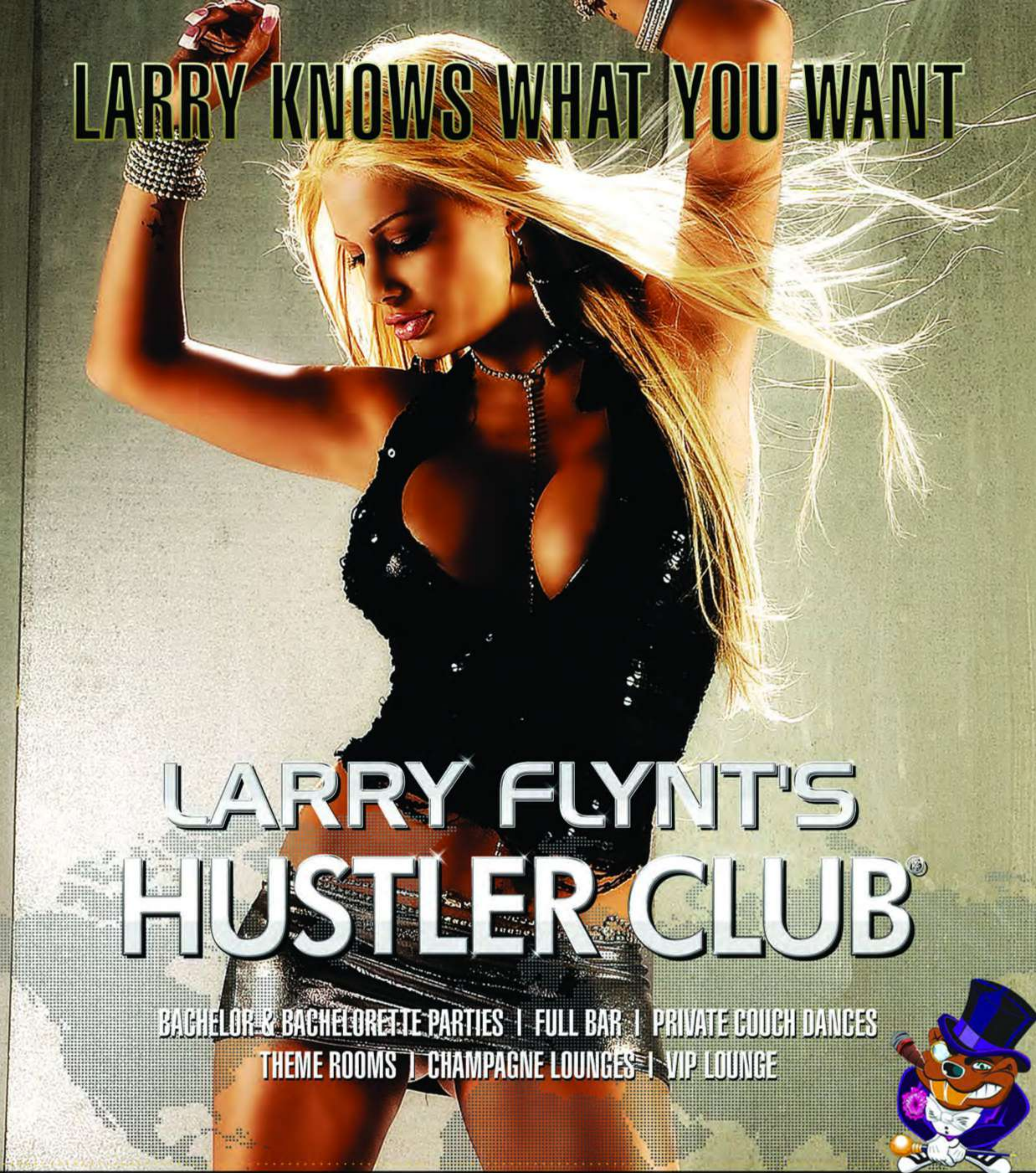


PHOTO BY JOSEP LAGO/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

UP WITH BEAVERS!

Naked, in-your-face protests—what better way to fight for our four-legged friends? Sixty million animals are sacrificed to the fur trade every year. Some are left alive to die after the pelts have been torn from their bodies. In Spain, where this bloody spectacle took place, 400,000 mink are bred in captivity annually. Born in April, they die in November, alive for six months locked in cages. To make a single chinchilla wrap, 300 animals are killed. A leopard-skin coat murders six magnificent cats. As Aïda Gascón, director of AnimaNaturalis, explains, "These days there is no need to rip the skins off these animals to make garments when there are so many more ethical products available." To learn more, go to **AnimaNaturalis.org**. And for the only *Beaver Hunt* we endorse, go to page 98.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"I think that making love is the best form of exercise." —CARY GRANT, ACTOR

THE HUSTLER WORKOUT

Get ready for the best news ever! Can't stand working out? Running too boring? Just start fucking instead! Turns out it's great exercise. Here's the science to prove it: Researchers from the University of Quebec at >>

Montreal recruited 21 couples, ran control tests on treadmills, then sent the teams home with armband monitors and instructions to hump at least once a week for a month. The results:

The level of exercise during sex equaled that of shoveling snow, playing doubles tennis or walking uphill. Not quite as strenuous as jogging on the treadmill, but about 157 zillion times more fun!

Average calories burned were 4.2 per minute for men and 3.1 for women during sessions that included both sex and foreplay. By the way, an average session lasted 24.7 minutes, gentlemen, so don't get lazy. Additional stats come courtesy of Jaiya Kinzbach, an L.A.-based sexologist and author of *Red Hot Touch*:

Giving head can burn 100 calories per half hour! Actually fucking: 144-plus calories every 30 minutes.

The key to sexercise is to make it hot and make it last. Add a little moaning and sighing to burn extra fat. Try a position change.

Ladies can climb on top and squat to burn up to 207 calories in a half hour. The hotter the room, the sweatier you get, the more intense your workout.

Now for the big climax: The best way to maximize your calorie blast? Orgasm!

As for the all-night orgy pictured here, the women reported dropping an entire dress size! The men were too drained to talk.

"Let each man exercise the art he knows." —ARISTOPHANES, PLAYWRIGHT

Bushy Nudge

I have not written to a magazine or newspaper before, but I had to write to HUSTLER. I have been with you guys for quite some time. Your magazine tops all the others. The girls are so hot. Where do you get them? You guys sure know how to do it. In one issue you had bushy women. I would like to see more. I'm not into "clean" shaven women.

—Bob Bruzik
Claremont, New Hampshire

Attaboy

HUSTLER is the best magazine around. You guys rock. Keep it up.

—Timothy Kane
Elmira, New York

Hardball

I just read the first issue of my new subscription, March '14. I had not read HUSTLER in eight years and could not be more disappointed if I tried. On a grading scale of A-H, I give it a G. Robert Scheer's column on smartphones was good ["Big Brother's in Your Pocket"]. The pictorial interviews with the porn queens illuminated their professionalism and dedication to their craft. Everything else totally sucked.

Where is the cutting-edge, provocative, intelligent journalism that HUSTLER was so much respected for? It sounds like you are writing to the 18-24 crowd, which is *not* your core audience.

I am a 63-year-old, white, post-doctoral-degree professional who in past times found HUSTLER addressing issues that no other publication would touch with a ten-foot pole. Not now. The March '14 issue read like a bunch of old men regaling wannabe boy men about the good old days. I dare you to publish this letter.

—Russell Wilson
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dare accepted. Yes, HUSTLER *is* hunting for new, younger readers. They have money. Besides, they're the 63-year-olds of the future—even if they're not as bitter as you yet! Believe it or not, we're still into bold journalism. Maybe you should stop bitching and start pitching! We dare you.

Nude Prude?

I read the last issue of HUSTLER [March '14], but I kept going back to Connie Carter [*Irresistible*] and Kenze Thomas [*Bedside Manner*]. I was just wondering—I want to see more of them in a special issue wearing one-piece bathing suits and lingerie. Make it happen, please. Thank you!

—Malcolm Pride
Knoxville, Tennessee

Where do we get our eye-catching ladies? Everywhere! March '14 hottie Connie Carter hails from the Czech Republic.

Ivey League

I have been a HUSTLER fan for 35 years. I love all the ladies, articles and cartoons. My favorite part is *Beaver Hunt*. I also enjoy all the DVDs that come with each issue. I've noticed that HUSTLER gets most of its parody videos from real TV shows—*The Partridge Family* and *Baywatch* to name a few. You've even done parodies on movies like *Avatar* and *The Incredible Hulk*.

I would like to see a XXX parody of *Police Academy* featuring a lady who appeared in the Holiday '11 *Beaver Hunt*. Her name is Ivey Vines, and she is from Fort Hood, Texas. She gets hot around men in uniform and takes it in every hole. I'm sure her Army husband would love to see his lovely wife in a XXX movie.

—Shawn Connelly
Kansas City, Missouri

Skeleton Crew

I love seeing women with curves both in print and on DVD. Hate seeing women with ribs exposed on DVD. Then they show up in your pages, and suddenly there are no ribs, just beautiful curves.

I'm referring to Missy Martinez [*I Want Your Body*, January '13]. I first saw her three years ago in an *L-Factor* DVD. I thought to myself, *Omigod.* Then she appeared in your pages—another *Omigod* moment! Thank you very much!

—Larry Steck
Council Grove, Kansas

Sacred Cows

The pope and his cardinals have the selfish right to proclaim saints. I'm wondering if they can also proclaim Grover Norquist a sour-pussy, evil child of Satan.

—Jon Root
Cathedral City, California

Jon, your letter reminded us that radical right-winger Grover Norquist (January '12) and Pope Francis (September '13) were both canonized by HUSTLER as Assholes of the Month.

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Anything is punishable in infinity and it is hell. The earth reality has problems with racism and ill-will among the peoples. Race and skin color are still a problem there. In the other realities the beings are pink, blue, yellow, orange, red, black or look "any" color and in some can change how they look! So the earth is far behind the other realities. It's in a crude state and needs to evolve. What we call technology needs to advance, but racism is holding the advancement down and keeping the reality in the dark ages. The presence of the devil had a lot to do with this. Sadly, humanity's belief in God cripples them too!

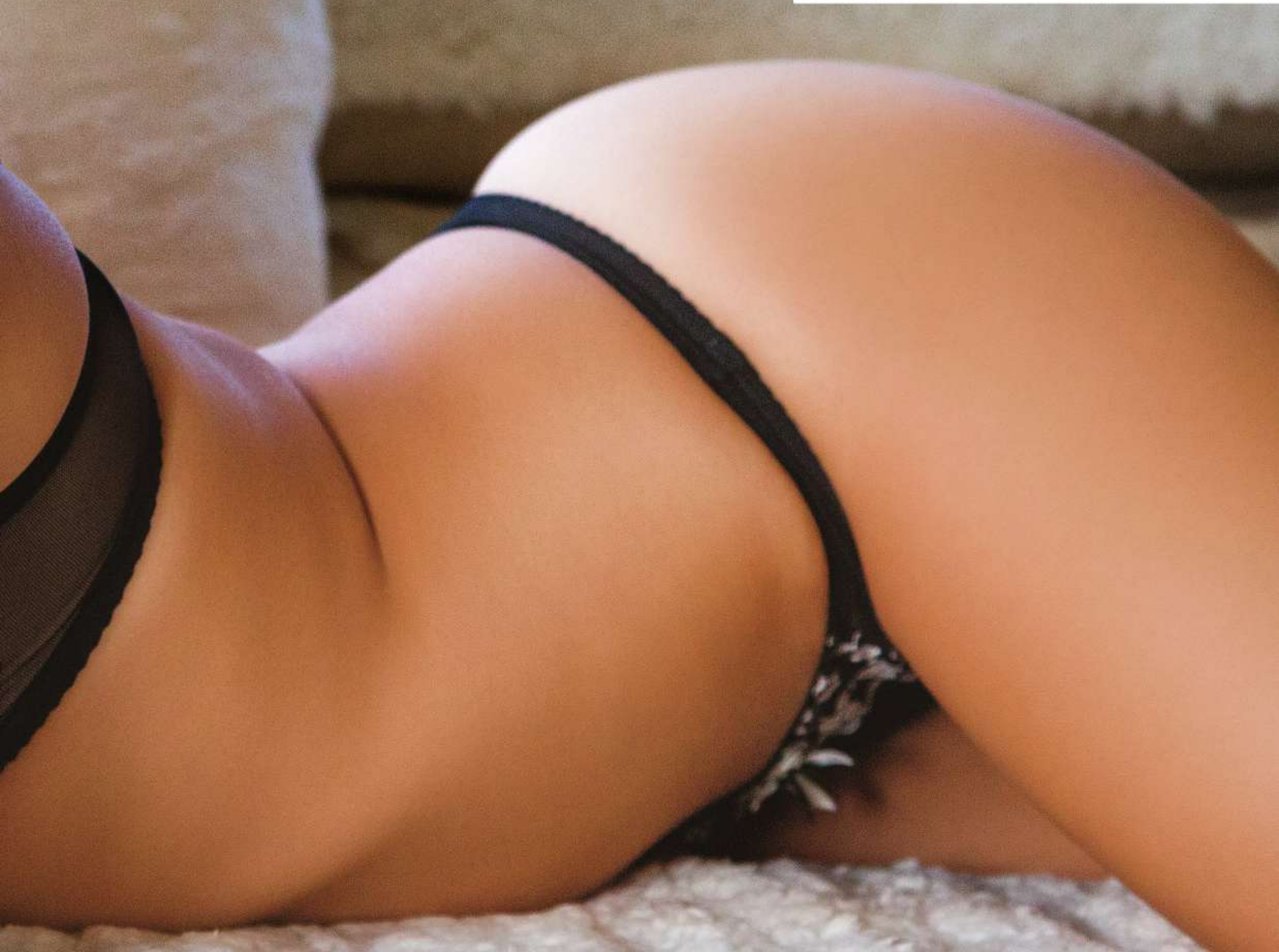
—Bryan Bailey
Long Beach, California

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

AIDRA
FOX

SHADES OF PINK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM



I think this is going to be my sluttiest year yet," barely-18 **Aidra** giggles. "Like last week I went to the store with a giant hole in the crotch of my jeans and no underwear. I guess I'm a thrill seeker. But everyone I've had sex with so far has been pretty vanilla. *I've* been the one to open their eyes to things! And I know this sounds total *50 Shades of Grey*, but my favorite fantasy is, I want to be walked into a huge sex room and let my man have his way with me."

AIDRA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Milwaukee, Wisconsin**
AGE: **18** | HEIGHT: **5-6** | MEASUREMENTS: **33-26-35**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy!!!!!** | TWITTER: **@AidraFoxxx**

ana fox

Hardcore's hottest black tail takes on a mission impossible: Find something cuter than herself.

xx's puppy love

Story by Mark Johnson
Photography by Ana Ochoa

ana wants to rescue a dog," is how her agent puts it when I call him about doing a profile on Ana Foxxx. I imagine a cute porn chick wandering the streets of L.A. in a cape, springing into action at the slightest sign of a dog in distress. I call Ana at the number he gives me. Her plan is much more sensible: We'll head over to the local shelter and find the perfect puppy.

Nine a.m. I pull up in front of a typical South L.A. single-story home. Nothing flashy. Simple. Real. Still in her pj's, Ana invites me in and introduces me to her best friend Evelyn. I trail her to the kitchen, and we small-talk while Ana smears a cinnamon bagel. I lean on the kitchen counter and imagine we just woke up together. A guy can dream.

On Ana's mind this morning is one thing and one thing only. "My family always had big dogs, but I had to share," she says. "This is going to be my first little dog and my first responsibility all by myself, so that's exciting! I can buy sweaters for it, and my brothers can't say it's stupid. I'm thinking I might want a boy because I don't want it to like other people more. I have a guy around. A girl dog will like the guy more."

"Any names in mind?"

"I want to see its little puppy eyes first. Then I'll know."

I tear my eyes away from her excited smile for a second and notice some interesting details. Little sculpted crosses, Jesus postcards, a wall relief of the Last Supper, a very well-organized collection of someone else's family photos tacked to the fridge.

"My roommate is out of town," Ana explains.

"Is she in the biz too?"

"No. She doesn't even know I do porn."

"You realize that sounds crazy, right?"

"She thinks backwards about everything," Ana says. "She thinks weed is 20 times worse for you than cigarettes. And she's all about the Bible. If something goes good, the Lord did it."

"And if it goes bad?"

"The Lord's gonna fix it! One time we had to get the pipes fixed. Afterward she said, 'The Lord did it.' I was like, 'I think that was the plumber.'"

"What does she think you do?"

"I told her I model. I don't have like dildos and stuff everywhere. My room's not a typical porno room."

Ana Foxxx's star has risen fast. If you've seen porn in the past year, you've seen her.

"I didn't know a lot before I got in, so each new scene was a new journey," she says, chewing her bagel. "It's a lot of learning. Not just about sex but about people. And respect. I mean, you're meeting someone and violating them in a way. Invading their space really fast. You got to get used to being accommodating, I guess."

"Well, you're certainly that," I say.

"I have fun. It's like a jungle gym when I work."

"What's your typical non-workday look like, apart from puppy rescuing?"

"Call up Evelyn. Go to the ocean. Nature, parks, trees."

"Where did you grow up?"

"Rialto, in the Inland Empire [the counties east of L.A.]. We used to go to Big Bear all the time growing up. Fishing, camping, stuff like that. My dad was in the Air Force, so he liked to do stuff like that."

"Does he know what you do now?"

"My parents are deceased. I have my brothers. And my brothers are brothers, so they don't ask as long as I'm okay."

"They must know."

"They don't. They totally don't like black girls. They're all over Latinas and white girls, so they won't even look up my category."

"How many brothers?"

"Three. I have a sister, but she's the complete opposite. She's still a virgin, and she's 18 years older than me." Ana seems intent on testing how gullible I am. "She doesn't know what I do because we stopped talking when she thought I started sucking dick."

> **"I eat everything. I just stay active. I watch what I eat if the scene is one where I should. If it's hardcore, like deep-throating, I don't want to throw up!"**

Evelyn cracks up at that, almost spitting out her peach yogurt.

"In real life or professionally?" I ask.

"Real life," Ana says. "She was off though. I actually started a little bit later." She stuffs in the rest of her bagel and chases it with a spoonful of yogurt and granola. The girl can eat. >>

"Do you have to stick to a porn diet?" I ask.

She shakes her head, swallows. "I eat everything. I just stay active. I watch what I eat if the scene is one where I should. If it's hardcore, like deep-throating, I don't want to throw up."

"What about anal?"

"I just have to watch what time I stop eating. I take a lot of time cleaning, so I'm good."

"How much is a lot?"

"You need at least two hours," she says matter-of-factly. Porn is full of physical realities most of us don't think about.

"What kind of scene do you prefer?"

"I like all of them because I learn things. Like masturbating correctly. I was like, 'Oh, I've been doing it wrong all these years! Who knew?'"

Ana strips down to a pair of skimpy panties and checks her face in the mirror. After a minimal touch-up she's off to the kitchen, where she grabs a bag of trash. She peeks out the front door, then saunters out to the garbage bin topless.

"People here don't mind," she says.

"I don't doubt it."

"Right here is where the neighborhood splits from superconservative to more reckless," she explains. "If I was closer to the beach, I wouldn't be able to be as rambunctious. Here it's chill."

> **"It's a lot of learning. Not just about sex but about people. And respect. I mean, you're meeting someone and violating them in a way. Invading their space really fast."**

Aware that the staff at the dog pound might not be as chill, she goes back in, pulls on her "go-get-my-doggy dress" and grabs her keys. I notice a tiny vibrator attached to the keychain. Practical.

We pile into my car, and I punch in the address for the South Los Angeles Animal Care Center. It'll take us about 20 minutes. Enough time for me to get Ana's take on one of my pet peeves: "Do you think there's a lot of racism in the industry?"

"Yes," she says instantly. "I was disappointed after my first anal scene. They treated me like a princess and everything, but I didn't know the title of the movie: *Black Anal Addiction 2*."

"That's not so bad," I say.

"No, but if I did a good job, I should have been in a mixed DVD, not all-black. It's not going to get as much recognition. And I think the interracial thing is weird. If

I work with a Hispanic or white person, it's interracial for them. But if a white and Hispanic person work together, it's not interracial. Technically, interracial is when two races meet. In porn it's only when you work with a black person. They have different rates for it and everything.

"I did one scene with a black guy and a Hispanic girl who was supposed to lick my butt. Before we started the scene, they made the Hispanic girl hold a sign that said, 'I fuck niggers.' I was like, wow. I didn't know beforehand. They wanted us to belittle her, like, 'You little bitch,' you know, fuckin' her up. But I'm not Shaniqua. I don't got the neck roll quite right. That was the second time they tried to cast me to be ghetto, but I can't really do it. I can only be me."

Ana is anything but stereotypical. Apart from her luscious dark-cherry skin, everything else about her seems fairly race-neutral.

I press the issue a little further. "Another one of your notorious scenes is you getting gang-banged by a bunch of Southern rednecks."

Ana nods. "I didn't care 'cause all they had was the T-shirts. They weren't all 'Yoo-hoo!'"

"But they were Confederate-flag T-shirts."

"Yeah, but that was all. They didn't call me names or anything. I didn't act ghetto. If I would've been acting a fool, I'd have been giving in to the whole stereotype. It didn't matter to me what they were wearing. They didn't treat me as anything other than me. I got the comments on that video though."

"Like what?"

"Like, 'I can't believe you did that with those guys.' And I'm like, 'Did you really watch it, or did you just see the guys with the T-shirts?' Because I watched it, and I thought I did a pretty good job!"

The GPS tells us we're nearing our destination. Ana starts clapping her hands. "Yay! I'm so excited! I'm going to pee!"

"What about when your new puppy pees all over your stuff?" I ask.

"That means he likes me! I don't mind the pooping and the peeing. I want a puppy so I can raise it. That way it's a clean slate and doesn't have a lot of issues. I'm really good about putting a dog on a schedule. What time to go potty, go for a walk, get its food. And my friends would yell at me if I got bad about it."

Five minutes later we're surrounded by rows of outdoor cages, the air full of barks and yelps. I was dreading a rundown, hood-style dog pound. But this place, recently built, is the most pristine animal shelter I've ever seen. Ana echoes my thoughts. "I thought it was going to be ghetto and sad," she says. "But this is really nice." The only clue to the neighborhood is the preponderance of pit bulls. >>

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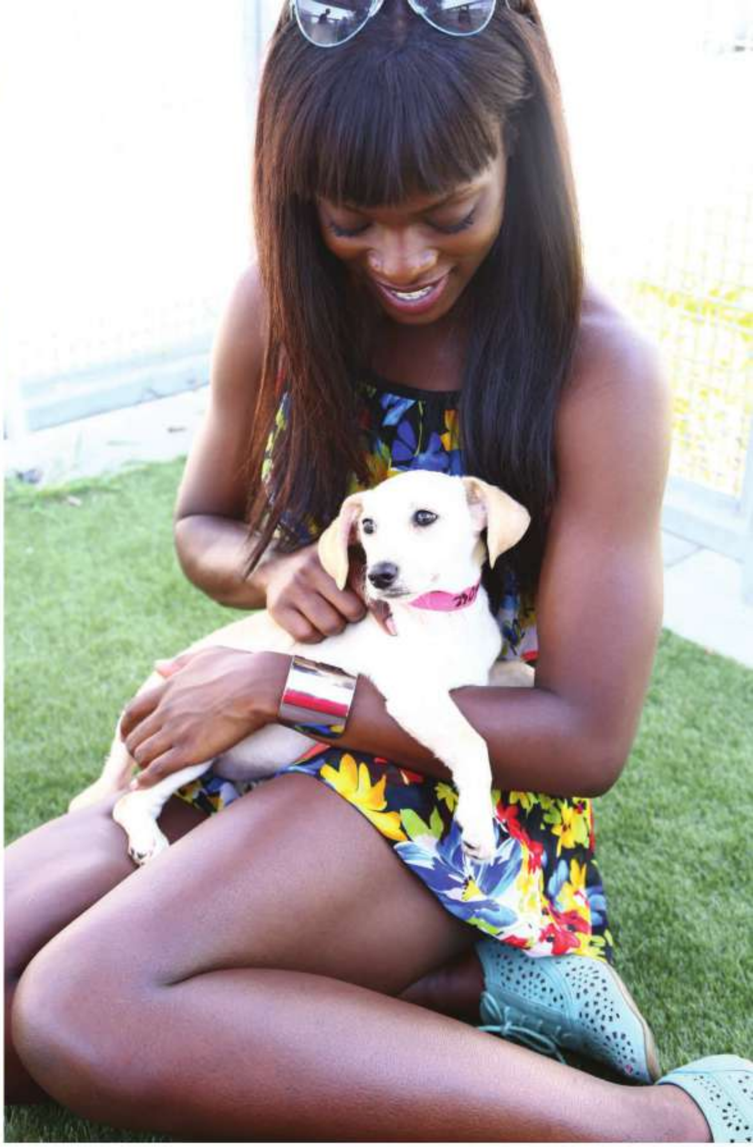

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> **I'm really good about putting a dog on a schedule. What time to go potty, go for a walk, get its food. And my friends would yell at me if I got bad about it.**

Ana goes from cage to cage. Bellowing, furry faces rush to greet her, and she squeals back at them. "Omigod! You're all so cute! I love you! I wish I could take all of you guys!"

It takes her only ten minutes to narrow it down to a little Doberman-looking one and a white female terrier.

"Probably the toughest decision you'll ever have to make," I say.

"It is! I think I like the little white girl though." Then she stumbles across a two-month-old toy fox terrier. "Oh, he's so cute! Look at him! That one! I see you! Let's ask about him! Where's the lady?" Ana takes a cellphone pic. "That's the face he's going to give me when I come home and he's shit in my bed. Just like that, one ear up, one ear down."

Ana shows the pic to the attendant, and we go wait for the puppy in the get-acquainted area. Bad news arrives instead: He's not available yet, still on hold in case his owner shows up. Ana's momentarily crushed, then remembers her first choice. "What about the other one? The little white female terrier."

The attendant goes to check.

"Maybe we should put you in a cage and have a dog adopt you," I joke.

Ana giggles politely. All she wants to hear is that she can have her puppy. "This one's probably better anyway," she reasons. "The other one's really shy." A minute later the puppy arrives, and the cuddle session is on.

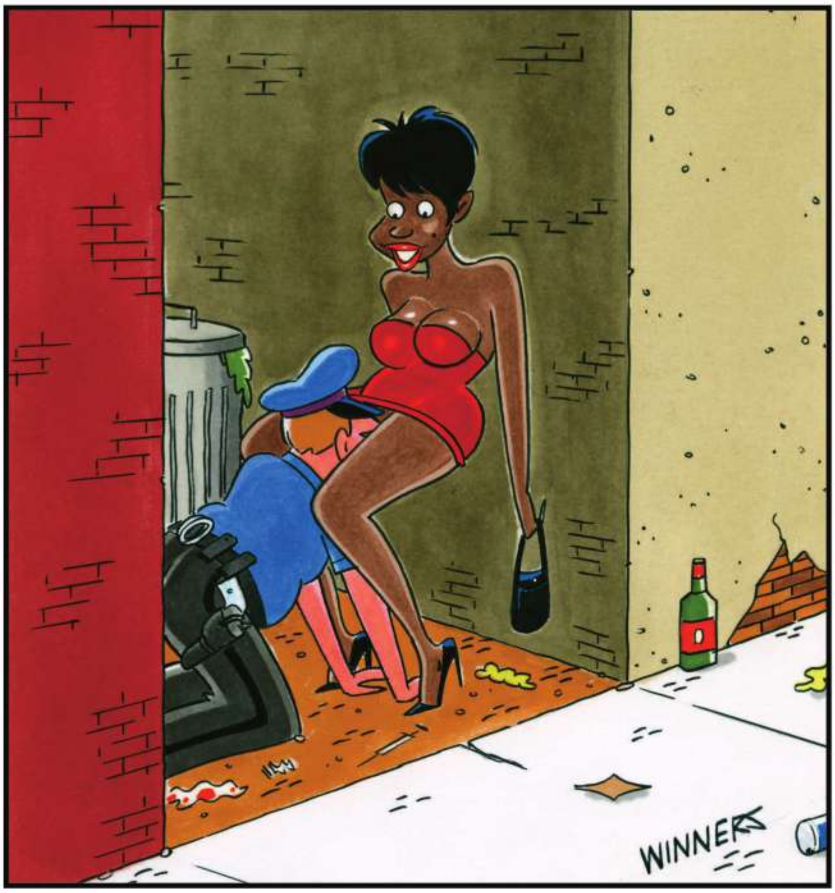
"You're such a good girl! I love you already! You look like a little lamb!" The puppy's get-adopted instincts kick in. She snuggles up with Ana and milks the photo-op. This one's definitely camera-ready, just like her new mom.

The fresh dependent still needs to be spayed, so after more kisses and a promise to see her again in a couple of days, we head back to the front office. Ana fills out the paperwork, coughs up the adoption fee and gets the debriefing: vaccinations, spaying, feeding, things to watch for, like kennel cough, nasal discharge, bloody diarrhea, you name it. Ana nods and smiles, unfazed as ever by physical realities. The attendant gives her a starter pack with food and a chew toy, along with good-luck wishes.

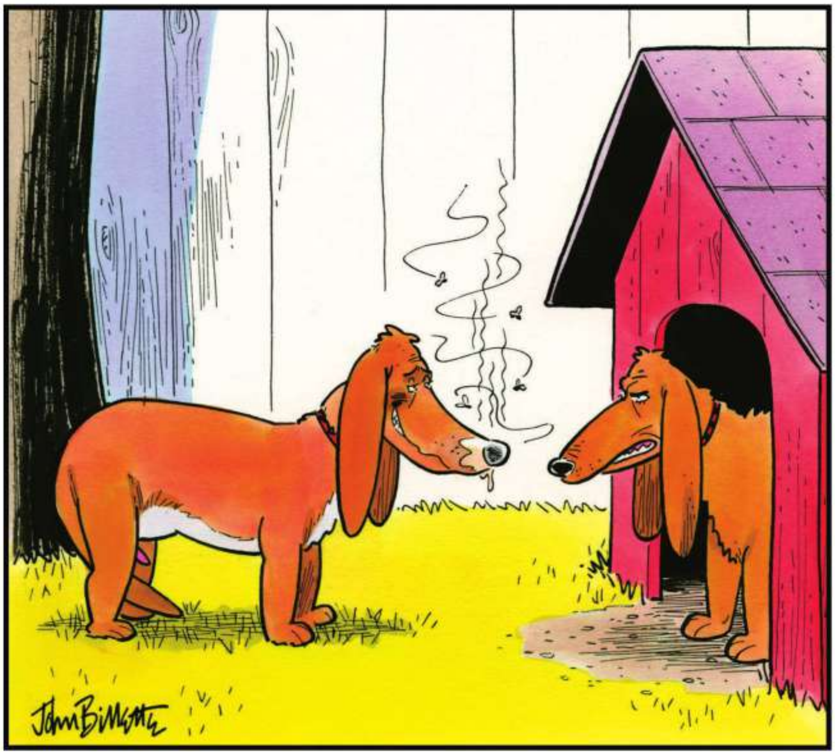
"By Tuesday there shall be a dog living in my place, and it shall be happy!" Ana declares, beaming.

A few weeks later I check in, hoping all went according to plan. "Of course," she tells me. "I love her! I named her Lacey!" I can hear the smile in her voice. H

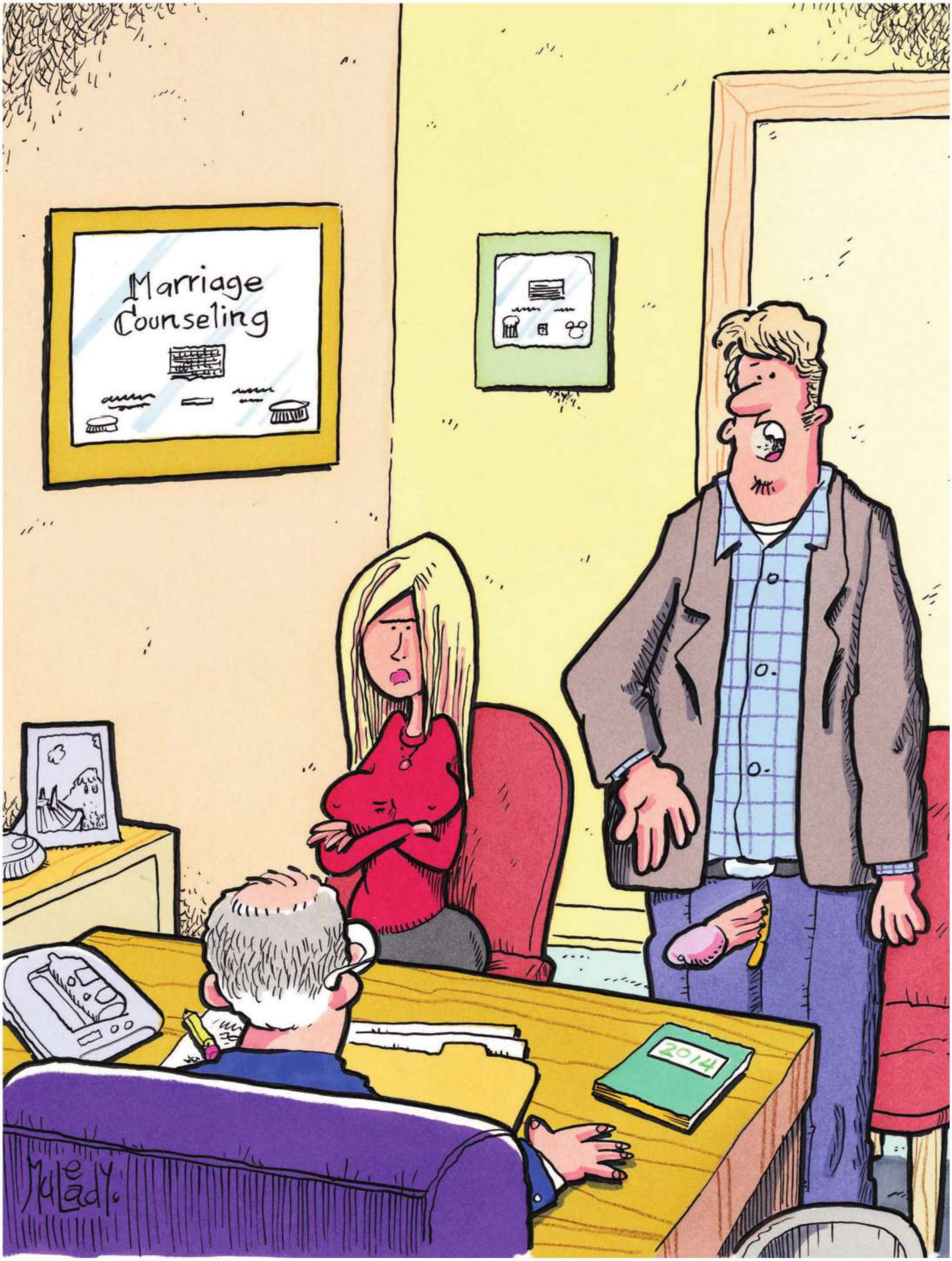
Ana Foxxx is a proud member of the animal rescue fundraising initiative Vice Is Nice. Check it out at **Vice-Nice.org**. To see Ana in hardcore action, go to page 76. And follow her on Twitter: @AnaFoxxx.



"Wow! And I thought you cops only ate donuts!"



"Don't give me that crap! You've been out sniffing bitches' buttholes all night!"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"I don't need a marriage counselor. I need a blowjob."

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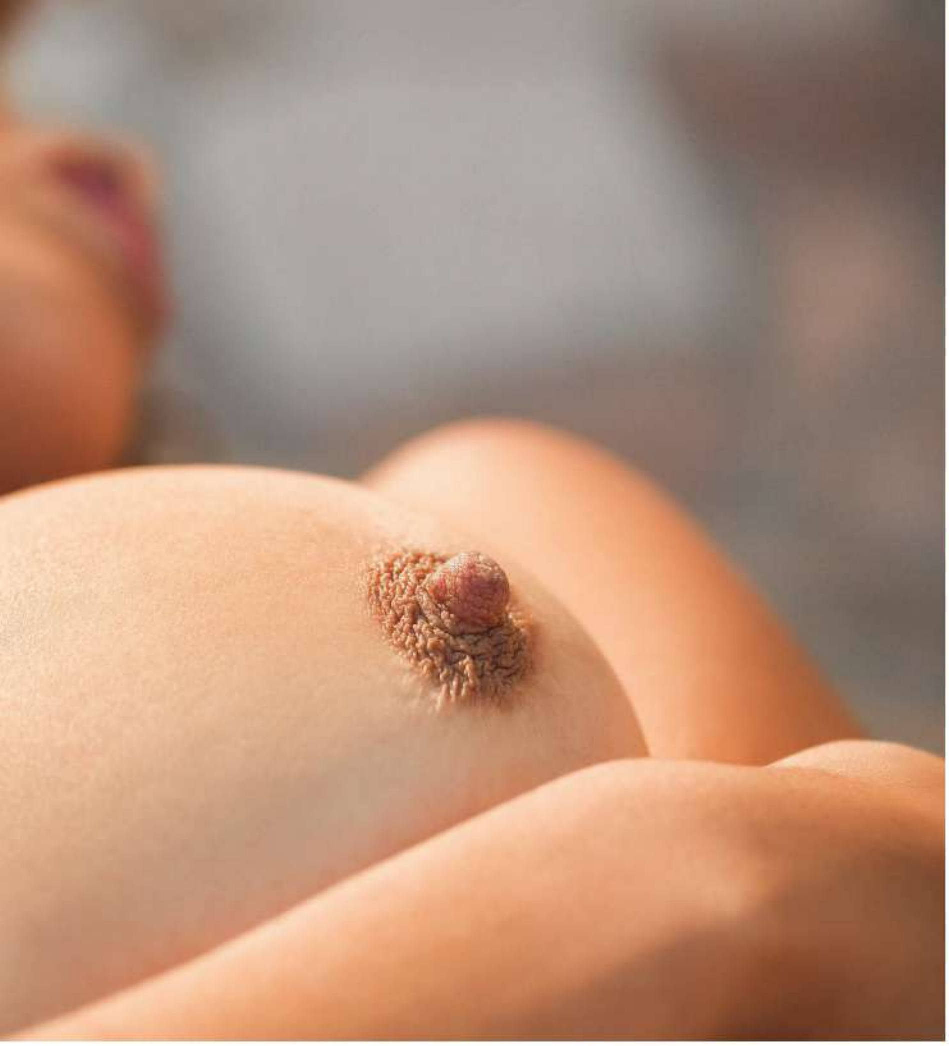


"If it wasn't for porn, I'd probably be arresting someone right now," **Serena** laughs. "I was in school for criminal justice. Then two years ago I worked my first shoot. From that day on I was in the game and loving it. I came up with my name by taking **Serena** from Serena Williams and **Ali** from Muhammad Ali—they're both big, powerful, strong, and that suits me."

SERENA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Torrance, California** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-11**
MEASUREMENTS: **38-28-36** | FAVORITE POSITION: **On Top** | TWITTER: **@SerenaAliXXX**

PHOTO BY DANIELA WOOD

CARL GOTTLIEB
BITES BACK

INTERVIEW BY CRAIG MODDERNO

THE LEGENDARY SCREENWRITER OF *JAWS* TELLS US HOW TO SWIM WITH THE SHARKS OF HOLLYWOOD.

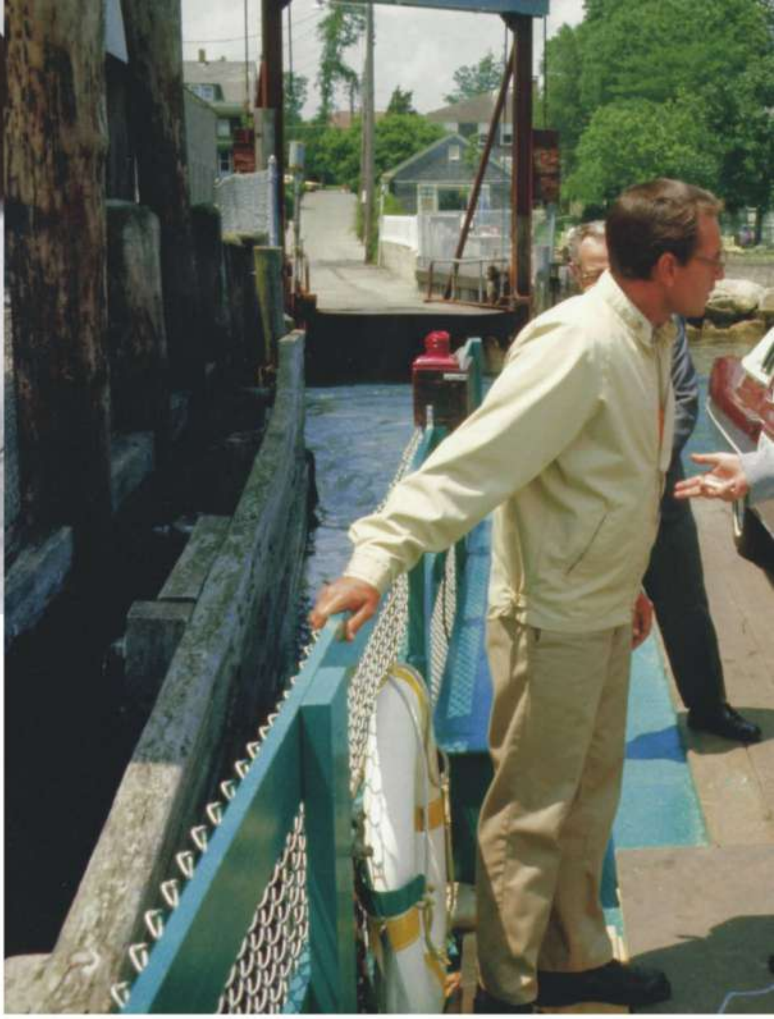
Carl Gottlieb has a knack for the breakthrough moment. He acted in Robert Altman's first smash hit *M*A*S*H*, wrote the script for Steven Spielberg's inaugural blockbuster *Jaws*, coauthored Steve Martin's big-screen breakout *The Jerk* and teamed up with Richard Pryor to write the comedian's best movie, *Which Way Is Up?* He's also written two bestsellers with Rock and Roll Hall of Famer David Crosby, penned the best book ever written about making a movie on location—*The Jaws Log*—and has just released an instant classic, *The Little Blue Book for Filmmakers: A Primer for Directors, Writers, Actors and Producers.* As if that résumé weren't enough, Gottlieb also happens to be an officer with the powerful Writers Guild. If you're looking for a career in the movie biz, this is the man to listen to. But beware: He may be the one guy in Hollywood who will tell you the truth.

HUSTLER: There's a production slump in Hollywood right now, but more people than ever are trying to break into the business. Why?

CARL GOTTLIEB: For the same reason that in hard times people tend to play the lottery more heavily. Most people assume that if they can get a job—any job—in films or television, they will be discovered and never have to worry about money again. They're tragically wrong. For every Jennifer Lawrence there are dozens of "hot" actors over the years that no one remembers, which goes to show what a small impression they made.

What mistakes do the failed hopefuls make?

They imitate the styles and mannerisms of other media celebrities: as bitchy as the Housewives of Suburbia, as angry as the jerks on *Jerry Springer*, as pathetic as Hoarders. People who can play themselves without affectation can win big. Look at the bearded wonders on *Duck Dynasty* or the serious skippers on *Deadliest Catch*. They're authentic; they're doing real work; they're fun to watch. Outside of reality TV, acting is a long and difficult path, with a high burnout rate and no guarantee of success. If it weren't for irrational optimism, there would be no actors at all. **>>**



ABOVE: *JAWS* AUTHOR PETER BENCHLEY WITH ROY SCHEIDER AND GOTTLIEB
RIGHT: SCHEIDER AND GOTTLIEB WITH ACTOR MURRAY HAMILTON

Jaws starred three great actors—Roy Scheider, Richard Dreyfuss and Robert Shaw. Were they competitive on set?

Sure! Richard and Roy were alpha-male actors, each with a respectable background and a recent hit, while Shaw was a classically trained British actor and novelist, quite accomplished in both areas. He was always on Richard's case, and young Dreyfuss gave as good as he got. The tension between them when they were offscreen translated beautifully into the tension between the characters onscreen, so Steven and I just hung back and let their natural competitive spirits strike sparks. Roy was the occasional mediator, but he was protecting his own turf as a leading man, so you had a triangle of machismo, each corner pulling at the others. Luckily it paid off.

What's the weirdest thing that happened on the _Jaws_ shoot?

The Boston Teamster drivers insisting that their contract prohibited actors driving themselves, even if it was on a bicycle. What were we supposed to do, let a Teamster pedal the bike while we sat on the handlebars? Just an example of a union overreaching its mandate. To their credit they didn't insist on it after the first wave of hysterical laughter.

What was the moment when you knew _Jaws_ had become a cultural phenomenon?

I think the tipping point came late in the summer of 1975 when the familiar poster design—the girl and the shark—became the defining theme of hundreds of political cartoons. A metaphor for everything. While at the same time the shark theme from the score became an instant musical reference. Just those few low notes could stand for anything from real danger to an impending pie-in-the-face. Then *Saturday Night Live*'s first season did a classic sketch with Chevy Chase as a Land Shark, and we knew we were part of pop culture.

What was it like working with Richard Pryor?

Another amazing man, true genius, a comic sensibility that's still unique and unmistakable. Also a troubled addict and a manic-depressive. On our first film—*Which Way Is Up?*—he was clean and sober, dedicated to the filmmaking process and in a stable relationship with the incredible Pam Grier. One of my happiest screenwriting collaborations.

At the bottom end of his cycle, during the Flip Wilson specials on NBC, he was out of control and abusive and got into a fistfight with an NBC page that I broke up. As a reward for my fearless intervention in that brawl, I was subpoenaed by two insurance companies and the page's lawyer and spent way too many hours in depositions. And in the middle of the fight, Richard had time to make a joke out of the moment. I pinned his arms and pulled him back. He could find the comic truth in every moment of his life, good and bad. A rare gift. And very few people have ever heard his incredible mimicry of voices: movie stars and Munchkins, he could do them all better than most impressionists working today. Illness took him down way too early. **>>**

PHOTOS FROM THE SET OF *JAWS* COURTESY UNIVERSAL STUDIOS LICENSING LLC

> **THE TENSION BETWEEN THEM WHEN THEY WERE OFFSCREEN TRANSLATED BEAUTIFULLY INTO THE TENSION BETWEEN THE CHARACTERS ONSCREEN, SO STEVEN AND I JUST HUNG BACK AND LET THEIR NATURAL COMPETITIVE SPIRITS STRIKE SPARKS.**

BAITING THE HOOK

CARL'S HOLLYWOOD DOS AND DON'TS

What's the worst mistake screenwriters make?

People try to write "the movie they see in their heads" without understanding the essentials of storytelling. There are such things as exposition, dialogue, narrative and suspense. The successful screenplay includes them all, woven seamlessly together.

What's the most important thing to know when writing a screenplay?

How you start and how you finish. What pulls the reader into the story in the first ten minutes of the film and how does everything get resolved by the final credits? Sure, the filling is important, but a good movie—like a good sandwich—needs a perfect top and bottom.

What's the worst mistake you can make when trying to sell a screenplay?

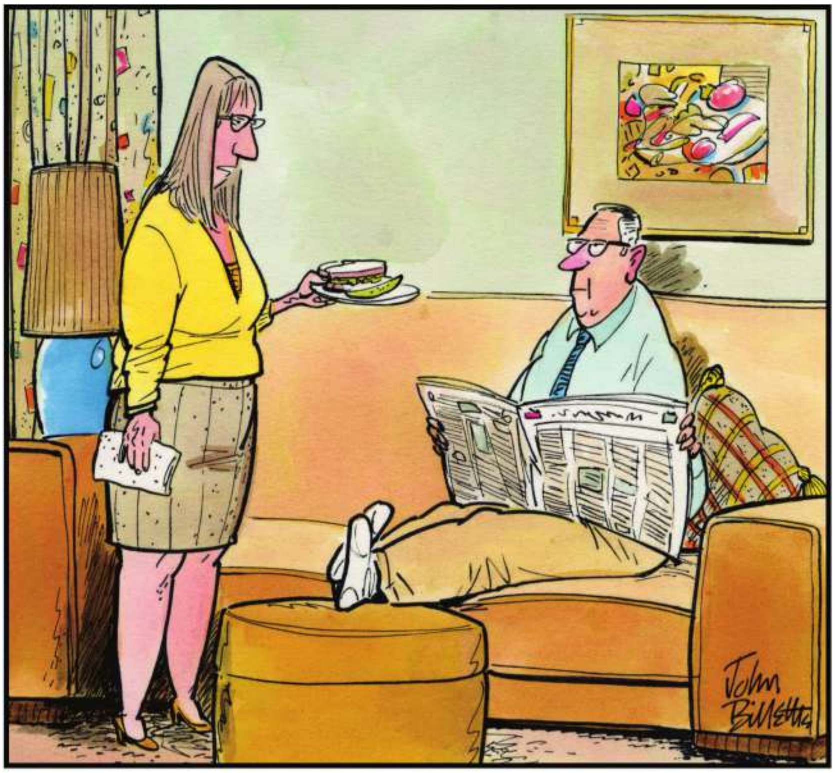
Overselling. No matter how exciting the writer's pitch, no matter what the casting and marketing possibilities are, it's the text that sells the movie, not the description of the text. Tell the prospective buyer just enough to make them want to sit down and read the whole film, then get out of the way and let the screenplay speak for itself.

Is Hollywood scared of original screenplays these days?

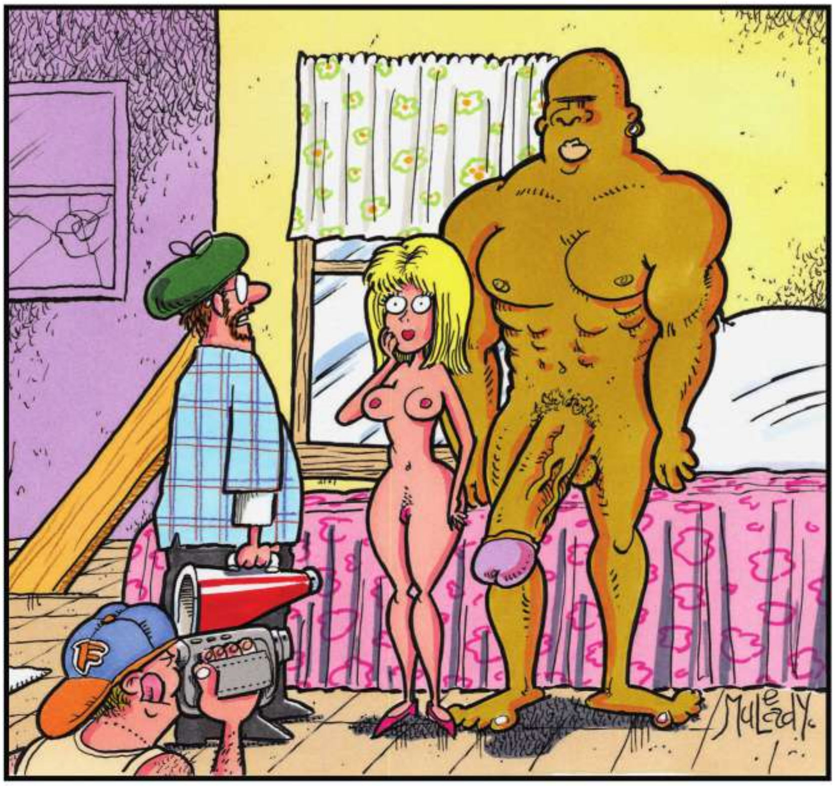
Hollywood is scared of losing money. Remakes, sequels, prequels, comic books, graphic novels and bestselling books are Hollywood's way of protecting an investment by giving the public something familiar. Like everyone else in a fluctuating economy, they're trying to hedge their bets by relying on proven assets. Why risk introducing a brand-new breakfast food when you can just add nuts to an existing box of flakes? The job of the original screenwriter is to provide a new flavor that has everyone smacking their lips in anticipation. No one's afraid of originality; everyone's afraid of repeating last year's mistakes.

I start writing a screenplay today with plans to sell it in two or three years; what should it be?

Do I really have to spell this out? Make it about something that's part of the human condition, not about something that's in the headlines today and will be forgotten tomorrow. A love story is forever; a conspiracy movie about the "right to bear arms" is yesterday's news. Unless you personally own the rights to a classic comic-book hero or an existing franchise, stay away from $200-million epics. Write a taut, sharp thriller, a quirky comedy or best of all a touching story about love and family. Something that will attract a studio, stars and a director into taking a chance on original material by a new and distinctive voice with something to say.



"Did you see the headline? Some middle-aged married guy made his own fucking sandwich!"



"In this next scene your parents have just died in a horrible car crash, and Leroy here comforts you by shoving his huge black cock in your mouth. Action!"

You won an Emmy with Steve Martin in 1969 for writing *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*. How did you get that show's controversial content—drugs, politics, war—on the air?

You know, we didn't think of it as a particularly political show; we just wanted to make it relevant to the life around us, so that meant dealing with the comedy of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, as well as the war in Southeast Asia. The whole world was changing, and we just put the stuff that was on *CBS News* during the week into the jokes and sketches we did on Sunday night. The censors were breathing down our necks every week, so we'd write deliberately outrageous material that had no chance of getting on the air just to distract them while we snuck more subtle jokes into the show. They'd insist we cut "the President is a cross-dresser" sketch, and we'd say, "Okay, but can we keep the bit about him lying to us about the budget?" And so it would go, week after week. Comedy sleight of hand.

How did *The Jerk* develop into a film?

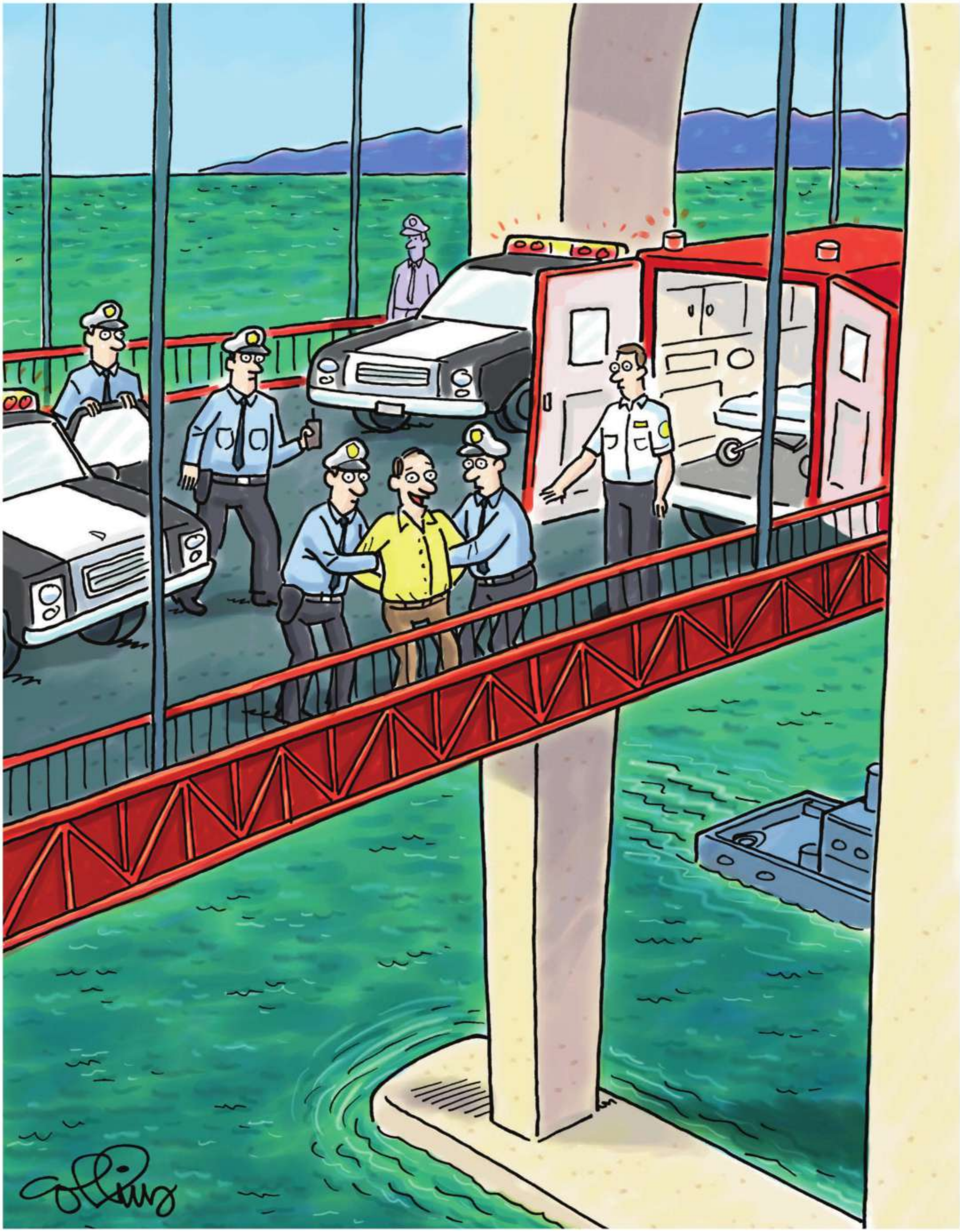
I had worked with Steve Martin on *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*, which was, in its time, the leader in the brave new world of youth comedy, five years before *Saturday Night Live*. We won an Emmy for that show and stayed friends. Steve was a rising solo comedy stand-up star and got so hot that a studio offered him a two-picture deal. I had already written *Jaws* and a Richard Pryor comedy [*Which Way Is Up?*], and it seemed a natural fit that we work together again, this time on a screenplay. We were struggling to come up with an idea when Steve mentioned that a line in his act always got a laugh: "I was born a poor black child." So we ran with that.

With today's political correctness, would you even get the chance to pitch that project now?

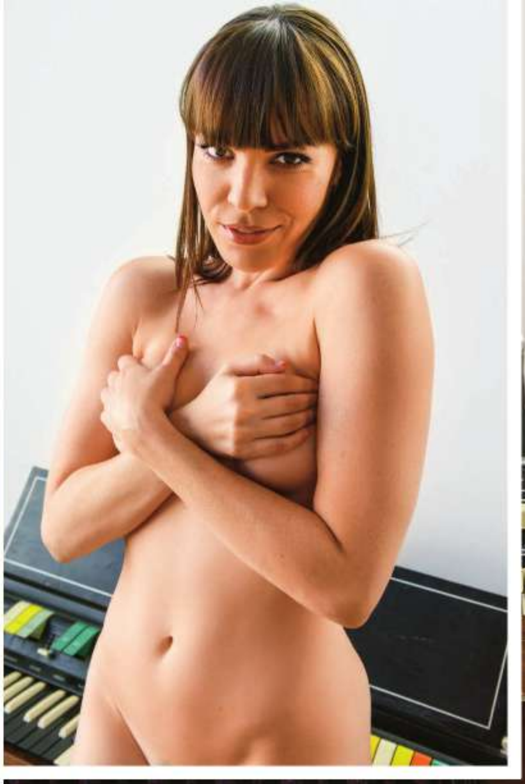
Perhaps, if you pitched it with a young comedy star who is as hot now as Steve Martin was then. Remember, he was the first stand-up to do stadium shows; and while we were writing the film, he and Danny [Aykroyd] were a national punch line: "A couple of wild and crazy guys!" So they appealed to all demographics. Given the political incorrectness of most "youth comedies" today, I think it would be an easy pitch to any studio that was looking for a funnyman, not an Iron Man or Spider-Man.

Does ageism—denying work to people over 40—still exist as an unwritten Hollywood policy?

Actually, it was a written policy, as a group of older TV writers found out in 2005. They prevailed in a lawsuit that accused agencies, networks and studios of deliberately ignoring mature writers. There were memos and smoking guns all over the place suggesting that young "creative" executives were hiring people like themselves and dropping older writers. If you're wondering where movies with adult, intelligent themes went, look no further than the yuppie scum who think movies began with *The Matrix* and have no interest or knowledge of the history of movies and television. There are a lot of comic-book movies made because the people who make them never grew up to read real books. All the best filmwriting is on network and cable television, where no one cares how old the show-runners and creators are. H



“My wife and I were going to commit suicide together. But when she jumped, I suddenly felt a lot better, and I decided that maybe life was worth living after all!”

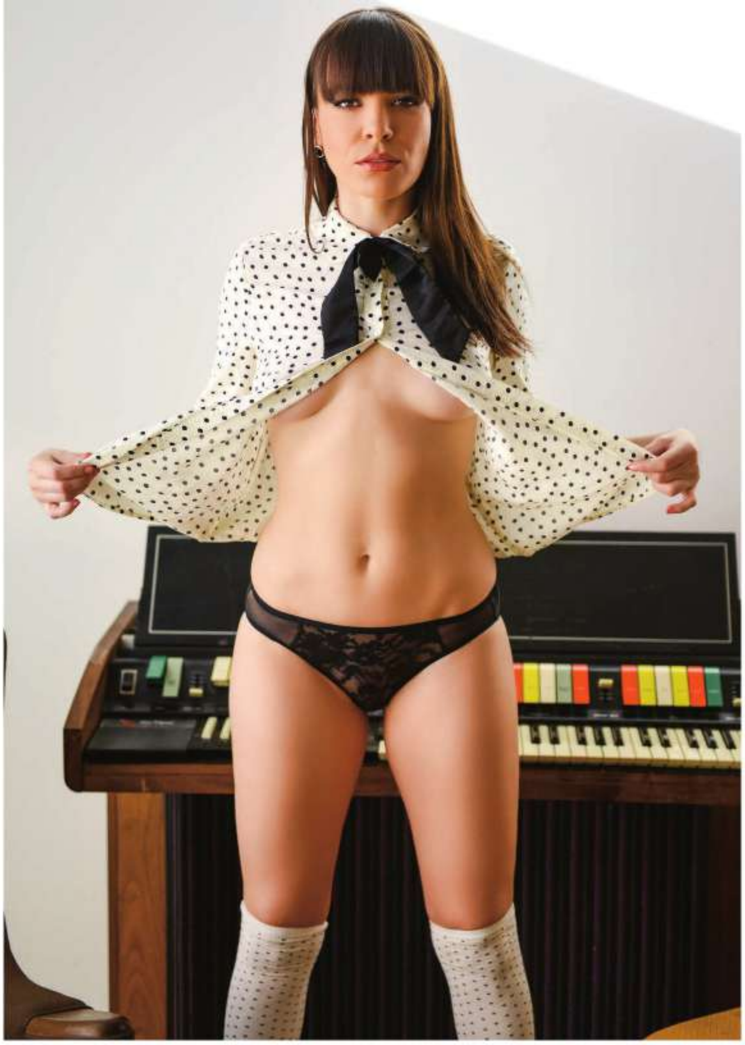


DANA DEARMOND

BIZARRO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
NATE "IGOR" SMITH

INTERVIEW BY
MARK JOHNSON



Are you still doing as much hardcore as you always did?

I did a DP yesterday.

You did?

Yes.

You became a specialist for those.

Yes. I'm a specialist.

Why do you do those?

Because I'm good at it. And I like it.

By DP you mean double penetration. There was a penis in your butt and your vagina.

Butt and vagina. It's deceptively easy. Really all you have to do is stay put. It's less actual thigh work. You just maybe bear down a little bit, but you don't really have the frantic pumping and hopping up and down. You just do a cowgirl and a reverse cowgirl or maybe a standing. The guy is holding you up and all you have to do is hang on.

So if you're a lazy porn star, you should be a DP specialist.

I highly recommend it if you can get away with it. I don't endorse anybody doing DPs. All the DPs should be just for me.

Are they dangerous?

I don't think so.

Never had any injuries or mishaps?

No. I do get concerned that maybe I'll stab somebody in the leg with a high heel. But other than that, I don't think it's dangerous.

That's impressive.

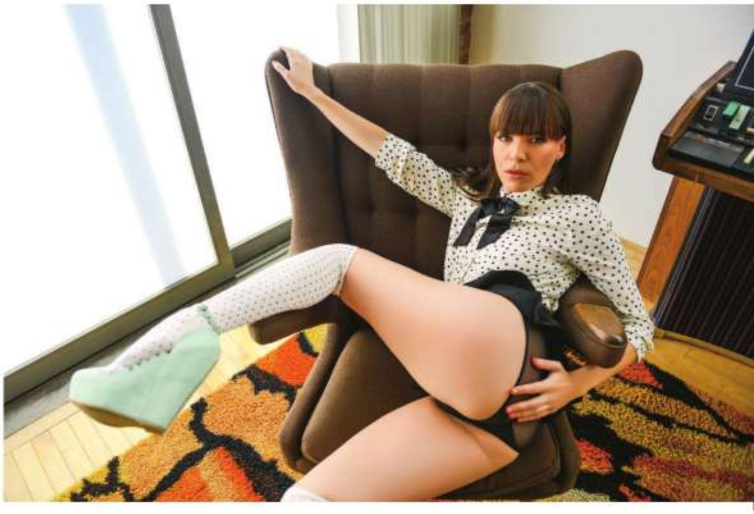
Is that what people think of it?

Just because the anus isn't necessarily built for that.

I think mine is. It's like a second vagina.

A second vagina.

Yes.



Does it feel like the first vagina?

There are some subtle differences. I mean, it's a butthole. I think I'm just a natural because I've always done anal. I did it before I got in the business. It doesn't really seem like a big deal to me. It's just something that people do.

Right.

If you decide to become a performer, you're probably on a different level sexually. You have different fantasies that might include being gangbanged or double-penetrated or all of these different scenarios that would not be very practical in real life. I have a fairly normal daily life that's not very pornographic.

You don't have to have sex all of the time?

No. >>

If I had brought condoms with me, would you have sex with me right now?

No.

That's not the right answer.

I'm sorry. I rarely have sex with anybody.

Do you have a boyfriend now?

I do.

That's nice. Do you have anal sex with your boyfriend?

Not all the time. He's pretty private about our relationship.

When he sees you in a movie, is he like, "I want to do that too? It's not fair that somebody else gets to do that."

He's never ever seen any of my work.

Never?

I know. That's where everybody rolls their eyes and says that's mathematically impossible, but he hasn't.

Does he know about the Internet yet?

He does have the Internet, yes. It's just that before we started dating, we ran in the same circles, and he was aware of me as a person. It's not that he was like, "Oh, I'm going to go and look at that girl's porn because I found out that she's a porn star and I can see her in real life too." He's just the opposite. I think it's respectable; it's pretty nice.

Interesting.

Some people just don't watch a lot of porn. I don't, but it's probably because I'm making it and I know everybody in it. I don't want to look at people that I know getting fucked.

Is porn work like going to the factory and punching the time clock?

No. I consider myself a performance artist and an actress, and every single scene is its own moment in time in a unique scenario, and I'm very present in the moment and I want to make sure that not only am I happy and comfortable, but my scene partners are happy and comfortable and the people producing the content are getting what they want. That probably explains why I still work so much after ten years.

When you have an orgasm in a movie, is it real?

It feels real to me.

But is it real?

Yes, definitely. It's biological. If you're doing a DP and it's a full-body sensation, you're very in the moment; it's very easy to orgasm that way. I work with other women a lot and it can be very sensual. If you're very in the moment in lesbian sex, there's a lot of repetitive touching, licking, sucking, fingering and things like that. It's just very easy to orgasm. I think the funniest thing people always ask is, "Are you tired of sex?" And I'm just like, "No. I'm just better at sex." Practice makes perfect.

Are you less sensitive or more sensitive?

I'm more in tune with my body than ever. I'm a fully grown adult woman, and I've experienced a lot generally. It just helps to know your body. You're probably not sick of having sex. It probably still feels good every time and you're maybe a few years older than me.

Yes, it does. So is it vaginal, clitoral or anal? What's your pleasure?

It's all of it. It is very dependent on the moment because I've learned to control my muscles and have repetitive contractions that could also force you to orgasm. If you're using a lot of your lower body muscles, which is the biggest muscle group in your body, you're doing something that's very intense in this part >>

of your body where all of the energy is going toward your sex organs. I guess you can force your body to orgasm from that.

Wow.

I've known people who say they've trained themselves to orgasm from being spanked or biting down on a stick or gag or something. This one girl said that she could get off from being punched in the butt cheeks, from the repetitive pressure. I think a lot of people just assume if you do porn you're shutting your brain off because you're just waiting for it to be over, but if you're very present in the moment, you can train your body to be very accepting of a lot of things like big black dicks or whatever. Things that don't seem like they would fit.

The body is very adaptable and flexible. Athletes do amazing things too. I've always seen porn stars as a category of athlete.

Absolutely.

So what's the meaning of life?

Oh, gosh. Depends on your life, I guess.

What's the meaning of your life?

Life is very complex and to sum it up in a few words would not be very meaningful.

Okay. There are many parallel realities.

Is this theoretical physics?

Yes.

I'm excited.

There are many parallel realities, but let's assume there is only one. What is Dana in the parallel reality doing?

Like a bizarro Dana?

Yes.

Oooh. What would I never do? Maybe I'm a criminal or something.

You're already pretty close to criminal in this reality. A lot of people consider pornography a criminal activity.

If you look at me though, I look like a housewife.

That's true.

And I don't have a rap sheet or anything.

You never did a crime?

Not intentionally.

You don't have a record? No mugshots of you floating around?

Nope. I'm a pretty responsible citizen. I pay taxes and I vote and I frame photographs. I don't scrapbook; I'm not an insane person.

Does Bizarro Dana go to church?

Eww, that thought didn't even cross my mind. That doesn't even exist in my world. Maybe she would be like a Lutheran or something.

Or Mormon.

There's a lot of Mormons in the porn business.

There are. Weird. Or not.

Maybe Southern Baptist. Or like one of those snake-charmer kind of churches where they speak in tongues.

That would be a good piece of performance art. Now, If you were a man…

Go on.

Would you still want to do porn?

If I were a man, assuming I'd still be white and living in America and having the upbringing that I did, I would probably have more opportunity to be in a higher position socially and in the workforce. I feel like male porn star is a completely thankless job. You're just run into the ground, and people hate you because you get to fuck beautiful women. For me as a woman, an entertainer and a feminist—and the way that I like to market myself—it makes sense for me to be a female porn star. If I had all of the same attributes and I was a man, I could probably be a movie star or the head of a PR firm or a CEO of something; I could be Mark Zuckerberg. >>

You can't be Mark Zuckerberg as a female?

Do you know any female Mark Zuckerbergs?

There's that woman who does eBay.

She seems like a cunt.

Well, he's a cunt.

Yes. Maybe I'm not cunty enough to be the female Mark Zuckerberg, but you get my point.

These days, feminist seems to mean a woman who's just trying to make a living. Whereas old-school feminists would say the problem with porn is that you're creating an image that tells women their only option is to be sexy and serve the male fantasy.

As somebody who is natural, I feel like I set a healthy standard for the feminine-body archetype. That would be my answer to somebody saying that I'm presenting some kind of a false ideal image. I think I promote a healthy body image and a healthy sexual outlook.

What about when some dude is watching you get it in the ass in a movie?

Good for him. Hopefully he paid for it.

Then he gets a girlfriend and he's like, "You've got to let me fuck you in the ass because, look, Dana does it."

Well, that's like saying, "I watched a James Bond movie and now I can shoot 30 guys and no blood will come out." It's entertainment.

Do women feel obliged to act like a porn star even though they're not in porn?

If they feel that they want to act like a porn star, it's because of how they want to act or their relationships with other people. It's something within them. There is something to unleashing your inner porn star that can be very healthy and sexually satisfying. America could use a little bit less of a prudish attitude.

Amen to that.

Everyone's accountable for themselves as adults and that includes their sexuality.

Do you feel sexy right now?

I do.

Right this second?

Yes. I'm very relaxed. I'm in my environment.

When do you not feel sexy?

When people in public catcall you or make kissing noises and stuff like that. I used to be like, "Eww, shut it down." Or when random guys are like, "Hey, you're so pretty. Why don't you smile more?" There's something about that kind of stuff that makes me feel all gross. I don't owe you a smile, but that's the way people interact. Women struggle with that a lot these days, but being that I'm a little bit older, I'm flattered when a homeless guy compliments me on my legs. I'm like, "Ha, the old girl's still got it!" I tend to dress a little bit modestly in real life, and I feel like I am empowered that way too, so I generally feel sexy all of the time. When people go, "What do you do for a living?" and I say I'm in adult film, they say, "Oh, are you behind the camera?" I say, "Both." And they're like, "Oh, that's great. You don't look like a porn star." There's something very empowering about that because I'm changing people's perception of what a porn star looks like or what sexual women represent.

They want you to be walking around in Lucite heels.

Those are so bad for your feet.

What's your favorite food?

I don't know.

You're supposed to say penis.

Penis is not a food. Except for that one guy in Japan that cut his own penis off and served it.

Served it to himself or to people?

People.

Did they eat it?

I think so. I have a pretty wide palate when it comes to food. I like just all the different flavors. I guess it's indicative of my sexual appetite.

Why do you use your real name?

Because it's easy to remember.

ASHLEY
SCOTT

FIERY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Here's what you didn't know about redheads (and we're not making this up): According to a study in Germany, these hot "genetic mutants" have "significantly more" sex than blondes and brunettes. They also tend to feel more pain, so warm up that spanking hand, boys!

ASHLEY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Antonio, Texas** | AGE: **19**
HEIGHT: **5-7** | MEASUREMENTS: **34-24-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Bottoms Up**

You know w
xo
As
TLER®
NEY
2014
-800-HUSTLER
7-8537)
EARS OLD OR OVER.
MINUTE.

hat I want!

xo,

hley

CHEVY
HUSTLER

Two men were chugging beers in the lounge of a hot pickup spot. "I don't get it," one complained. "Herb is butt-ugly, he has no taste in clothes, and he drives a 20-year-old car. Yet he always manages to go home with the most beautiful women here."

"Yeah," the other agreed. "And he's not even a good conversationalist! All he does is sit there and lick his eyebrows."

So where are you coming from?" Jim asked Nick when the two bumped into each other on the sidewalk.

"The cemetery," Nick answered. "I just buried my mother-in-law."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Jim sympathized. "But what are those scratches on your face?"

"The old broad put up one heck of a fight."

I read a study that claimed 90% of all men masturbate in the shower," Meg told Ted, her boyfriend. "And the other 10% sing."

"Really?" Ted asked.

"Yes," Meg said. "And do you know what song they sing?"

"No idea."

"I didn't think so."

My fucking girlfriend is impossible to please," Matt grumbled to his buddy. "Last week I tried to show her that I was thinking about the future of our relationship, but she got mad as hell."

"What did you do this time?" the buddy wondered.

"I put a case of beer in her refrigerator instead of just a six-pack."

Life sure ain't fair," Hank bitched to anyone who would listen. "When a man talks dirty to a woman, it's sexual harassment. But when a woman talks dirty to a man, she gets to charge him by the minute."

Question: Why do librarians make the best wives?

Answer: They already know how to be quiet.

I asked 100 women to name their favorite shampoo, and the top answer was "How the hell did you get in here?"

A lawyer deposing a woman in a contentious divorce case snarled, "Your husband says you deceived him by cheating with the pool boy—"

"He started it!" she interrupted. "He lied to me first!"

"About what?" the lawyer demanded.

"He said he'd be out all night but suddenly came home at 7:30."

Little Jimmy and Roy got to talking on their first day of school. "My daddy's a congressman," Jimmy boasted.

"Honest?" Roy asked.

"No, just the regular kind."

Four Catholics—three men and a woman—were having coffee. The first man bragged to his friends, "My son is a bishop. When he walks into a room, everyone calls him Your Grace."

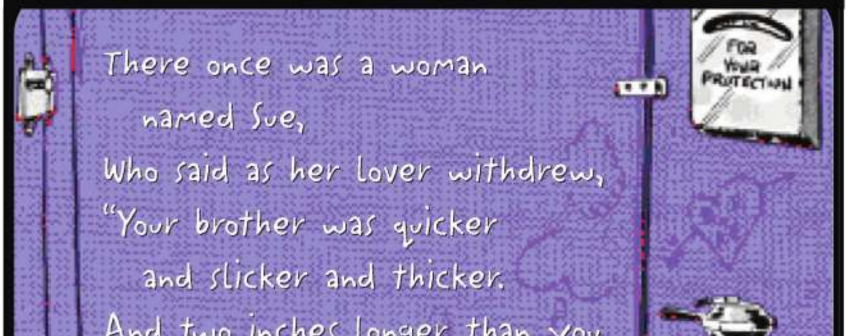
Not to be outdone, the second man said, "My son is a cardinal. He's addressed as Your Eminence."

The third gent piped up, "My son is the pope. People call him Your Holiness."

The lone Catholic woman sipped her coffee in silence until one of the men prodded her with, "Well?"

"I have a 19-year-old daughter," the lady stated proudly. "She's beautiful, with a 38D-24-34 figure. When she walks into a room, people say, 'Oh, my God!'"

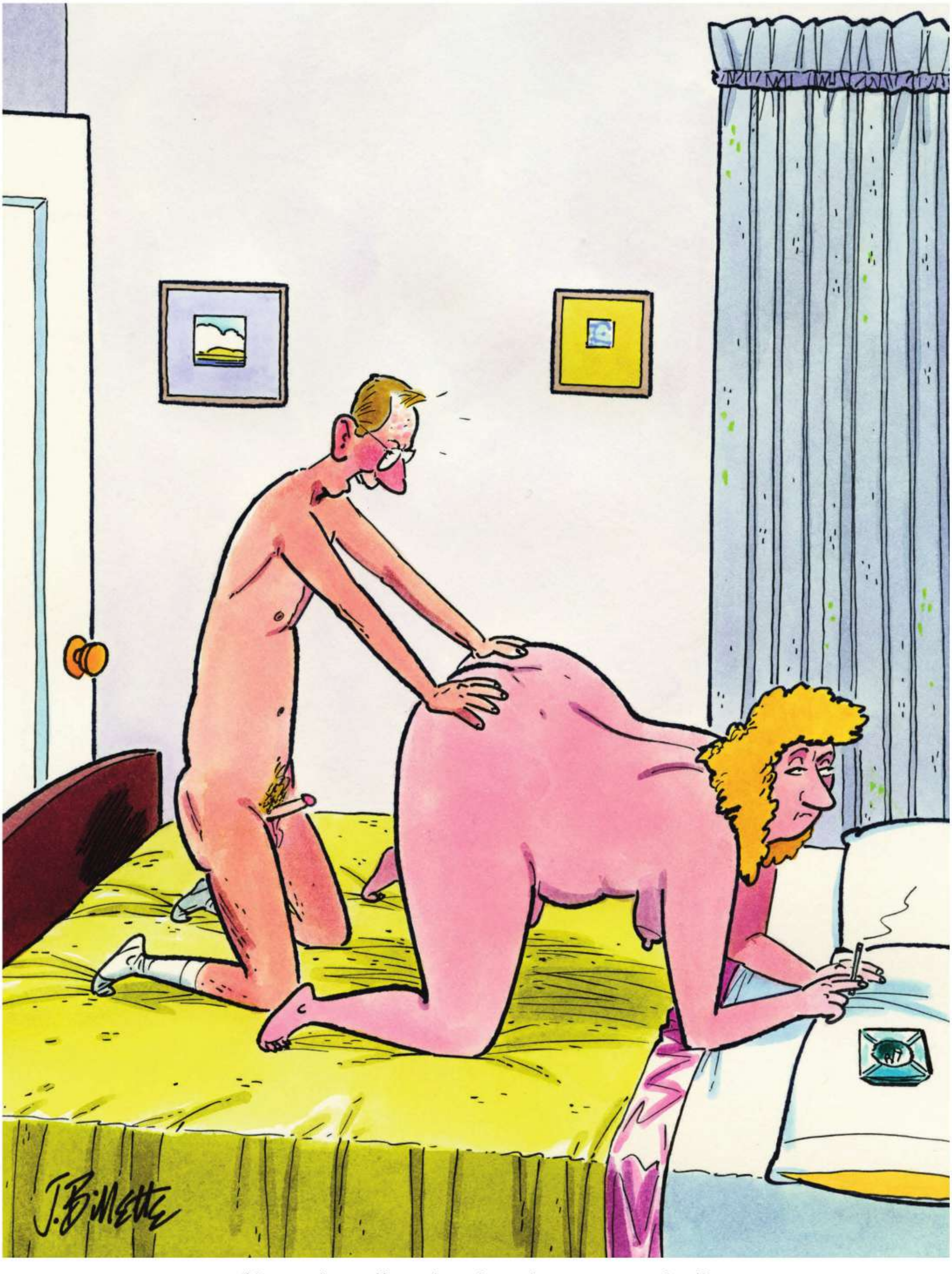
GRAFFILTHY



There once was a woman
named Sue,
Who said as her lover withdrew,
"Your brother was quicker
and slicker and thicker.
And two inches longer than you.
Goodbye!"

Thanks and $50 go to T.G.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry, we cannot return submissions.



"Bite the pillow, bitch—I'm going in dry!"

HOW TO PICK UP A TEEN

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** BUD FOX. **STARRING:** TRISTAN BERRIMORE, AVERI BROOKS, CALI HAYES, KIM BLOSSOM, ZOEY FOXX, TJ CUMMINGS, ALEX GONZ, ALEC KNIGHT, BILL BAILEY & TOMMY PISTOL.

Should you whip it out for this? Of course, it's a HUSTLER movie. But here's a better argument: It's got five human cum sponges made from the highest-quality barely legal babyfat. That's five ball-drainers for the price of, well, five. But they're all worth it. **Most strokable moment:** All of them, especially Asian cuteness Kim Blossom helping a dude find his lost dog by taking him balls deep in her rescue shelter. And TJ Cummings gets an extra shot o' love for her perfect perky nips. **Is it as educational as it looks?** If you think the way to pick up a teen is to roll up with a running camera like a creepy predator and bullshit their panties off, then yes. Seriously though, this flick actually has a timeless tip: Loads of confidence (and/or cash) will always get you a chick on your dick. ***—Mark Johnson***

ZOEY FOXX

CALI HAYES

AVERI BROOKS

TRISTAN BERRIMORE

KIM BLOSSOM

ANA FOXXX

LAELA PRYCE

RACIALLY MOTIVATED #5

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: TIM VON SWINE. STARRING: ANA FOXXX, LAELA PRYCE, MIA RIDER, MONIQUE SYMONE, CICI RHODES, TIM VON SWINE, IKE DIEZEL, MARK ZANE, SEAN MICHAELS & D. SNOOP.

Here's a movie with that nice, classy, puppy-adopting girl on page 28 draining a couple of low-life cracker ball sacks. Gotta pay for that puppy chow somehow! **Why should I be motivated to watch it?** Because Ana's a little fuckfiend, Laela Pryce gets her rear-gina reamed by a big black schlong, Monique Symone drains a fat dude's dick without smudging any of her perfect makeup, and tiny-assed Mia Rider gets DPed. **Where's the originality in that?** True, it's just a lotta cornholing on a lotta couches, but sometimes you gotta ditch the gourmet shit and eat a sloppy burger—or in this case, some tasty, greasy soul food. As director Tim Von Swine says, always invite *everyone* to the party. ***—M.J.***

MIA RIDER

CICI RHODES

VERUCA JAMES & BRANDY ANISTON

DEVIL ON A CHAIN

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: KIMBERLY KANE. STARRING: SKIN DIAMOND, CHARLOTTE STOKELY, DANA DEARMOND, VERUCA JAMES, BRANDY ANISTON, TOMMY PISTOL, LEE BANG, D. SNOOP, ZAK SABBATH & KIMBERLY KANE.

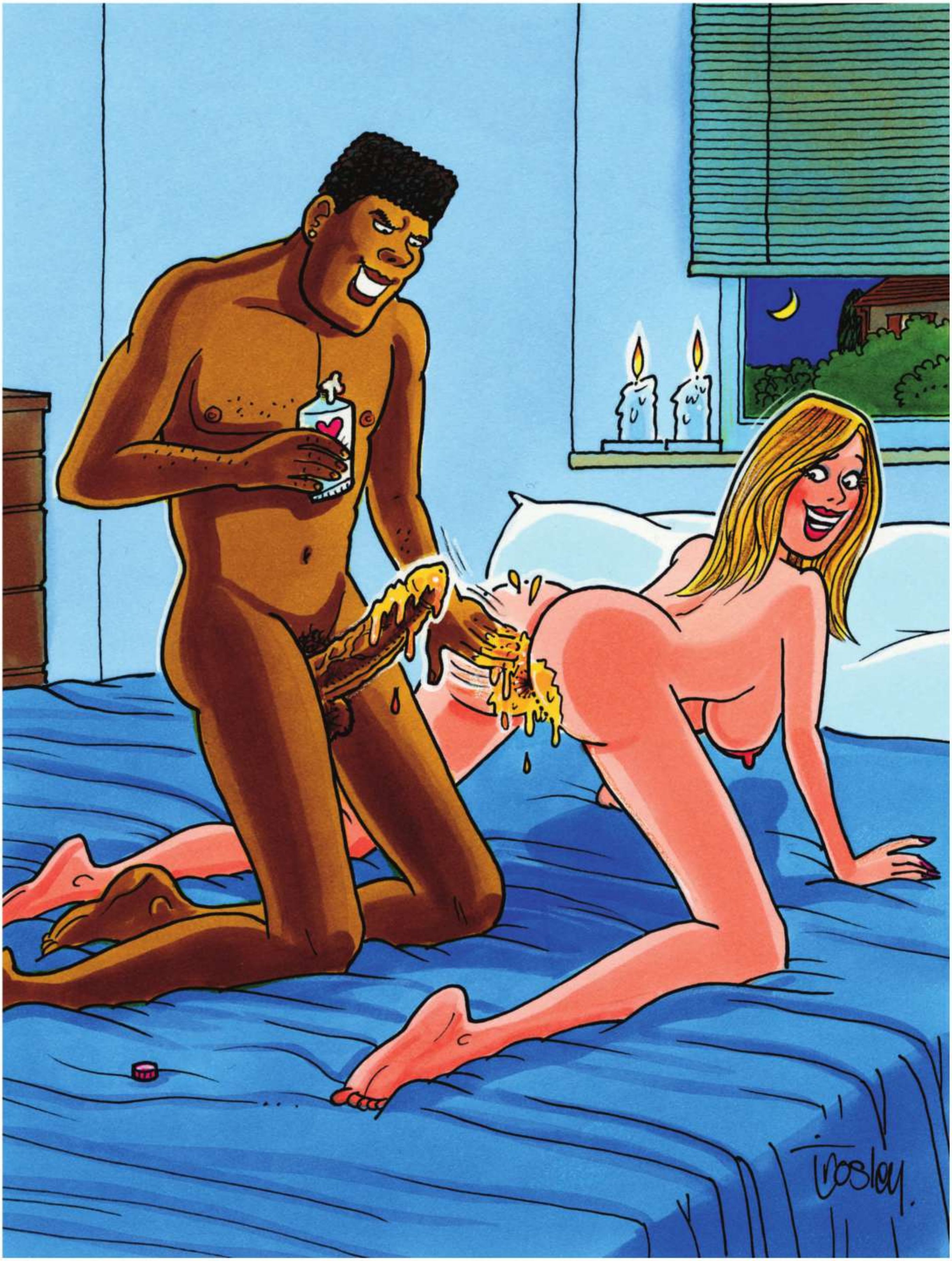
Is this movie as hot as these photos? Hell yes. Fuck star-slash-director Kimberly Kane is your new Quentin Tarantino of porn. Her "sexploitation" homage is full of nods to the retro master and stocked with fast pussycats, neurotic whackos and one-liners like "No one hates wasted pussy more than me." **Should I miss the Oscars to watch it?** We can't believe this one got snubbed. Script, camerawork, editing, interracial genital-sucking, all big cinema. Even has a plot: Skin gets nabbed and tossed into the sex-slave "bitch shack," and big sister Kimberly goes on a blood-and-semen rampage to steal her back. So yes, blow off the Oscars. **How many chicks take it in the shitpipe?** None of them, but Kane's flick is so much fun, you won't miss the buttfucking. How often can you say that? ***—M.J.***

KIMBERLY KANE

DANA DEARMOND

CHARLOTTE STOKELY & SKIN DIAMOND

SKIN DIAMOND



"The IRS position? But that's my assho... Ohhhh!"

EAT SLEEP

Tommie Sunshine drops the bass on the Electronic Dance Movement's drug-fueled rave culture and shows off the scene's hottest eye candy: his wife, "fairy ravemother" Daniela Morselli.

Q&A by Kimberly Cheng

Photography by Shameless

HUSTLER: When did you become a part of the EDM scene?

TOMMIE SUNSHINE: I was very lucky to have been in Chicago, where I grew up in the suburbs, and was there for the absolute beginning of house music. I started going out when I was very young—that was like in '86. I would have been 15 or 16, sneaking into clubs in the city. The first kind of scene that I saw was very black and very gay, which is how house music started. It was very decadent and very subversive. It was definitely a subculture. So I came into it at the most glorious time. I grew up reading all the beat literature and was a big fan of [writers] Ken Kesey and [Timothy] Leary and Hunter Thompson and just the best kind of people. I was alienated from everyone I knew. I found a real home in house music. It was really the first time I realized that there was a true psychedelic movement separate from the '60s. As much as I've heard about what went on in that time, I'm positive that what I've lived through coming out of the '80s and in the early '90s was just as decadent if not more decadent—maybe not in a sexual sense. We were reckless. We were all the kids who ate lunch by ourselves. So when we all found each other, it was like, "Oh shit, let's party. You're a weirdo too? Great, let's drop acid and freak out."

How did you start DJing?

I didn't start DJing until six or seven years into going out. Basically, people in the scene in Chicago were like, "You're omnipresent in this scenario. Instead of just being the guy on the dance floor every night into the morning, let's just figure out a way so that you have a bigger place in this." I was always on the dance floor when the sun came out. Always. Someone came up to me at some point—I'm sure I was on God knows how much acid—and they were like, "Good morning, Sunshine." And I was like, "Sunshine. I kind of like the way that sounds." It harkened like 100% back to Orange Sunshine LSD. That's the rated-X version. I never tell that in interviews because no one will ever write that.

How would you describe rave culture?

There's an acronym to how everybody operates: PLUR. Peace, Love, Unity and Respect. That goes back to the early '90s. Kids give us these bracelets at parties and stuff. It takes hours to make them. They just want to be a part of something. These are kids who grew up with single parents and probably didn't get a whole lot of attention. Some of them grew up with parents and like six brothers and sisters and never got any attention. So these are kids that are looking for a family. Think about it. If you're 16 or 17 years old, you've grown up for half of your life shoved in front of a television, and the second half of your life you've had your head in a computer. So where's the connection in all of that? Where's the humanity? These kids come out to these parties, and all of a sudden there are people that want to talk to them. And they're on ecstasy, so they want to touch them. Give them back rubs. It's all about actually engaging each other. >>

RAVE REPEAT

Speaking of which, how did you guys meet?

DANIELA MORSELLI: I had a going-away party at this bar [in New York] called Happy Endings, which was a massage parlor turned into a bar—exactly what it sounds like. I was wearing my mother's white dress, and this guy spilled my whiskey all over me. Like just barreled through the crowd and spilled all over this dress that was my mom's, and I was pissed. He didn't even apologize. Who is this monster? They were like, "Oh, it's Tommie Sunshine. He's a DJ."

TOMMIE: I'm a big, oafish guy. If I'm walking through a crowd, I'm knocking people's drinks over. I'm not doing it on purpose.

DANIELA: I was on MySpace at the time, and I remember seeing his picture. He had his mouth open in some dumb pose. And I was like, I remember this guy. It's that jerk. Let's see what he's doing in New York. So I write to him and he goes, "Let's exchange numbers and maybe we can get together for lunch."

TOMMIE: We were not supposed to see each other until Monday, and she gave me a sneak attack on Saturday night and was like, "We're on the Lower East Side. Do you want to meet us?" So I put on my best suit and got in a cab. I saw her in the doorway of Niagara, this bar on the Lower East Side, and I took one look at her, and I was like, I can't go in there. She's so far out of my league. I have no chance with this girl at all. But I said, you know what, I'm just going to fucking put it all out there and just see what happens. So very uncharacteristically I walk through the front door, and I grabbed her by the back of her neck, and I stuck my tongue down her throat.

DANIELA: He had a suit with his shirt unbuttoned and his chest hairs sticking out. I'm like, this big, hairy man just stuck his tongue down my throat and I loved it.

TOMMIE: We never had lunch.

What do you think about EDM's bad rep? The *Los Angeles Times* skewered Electric Daisy Carnival kingpin and Insomniac CEO Pasquale Rotella last year.

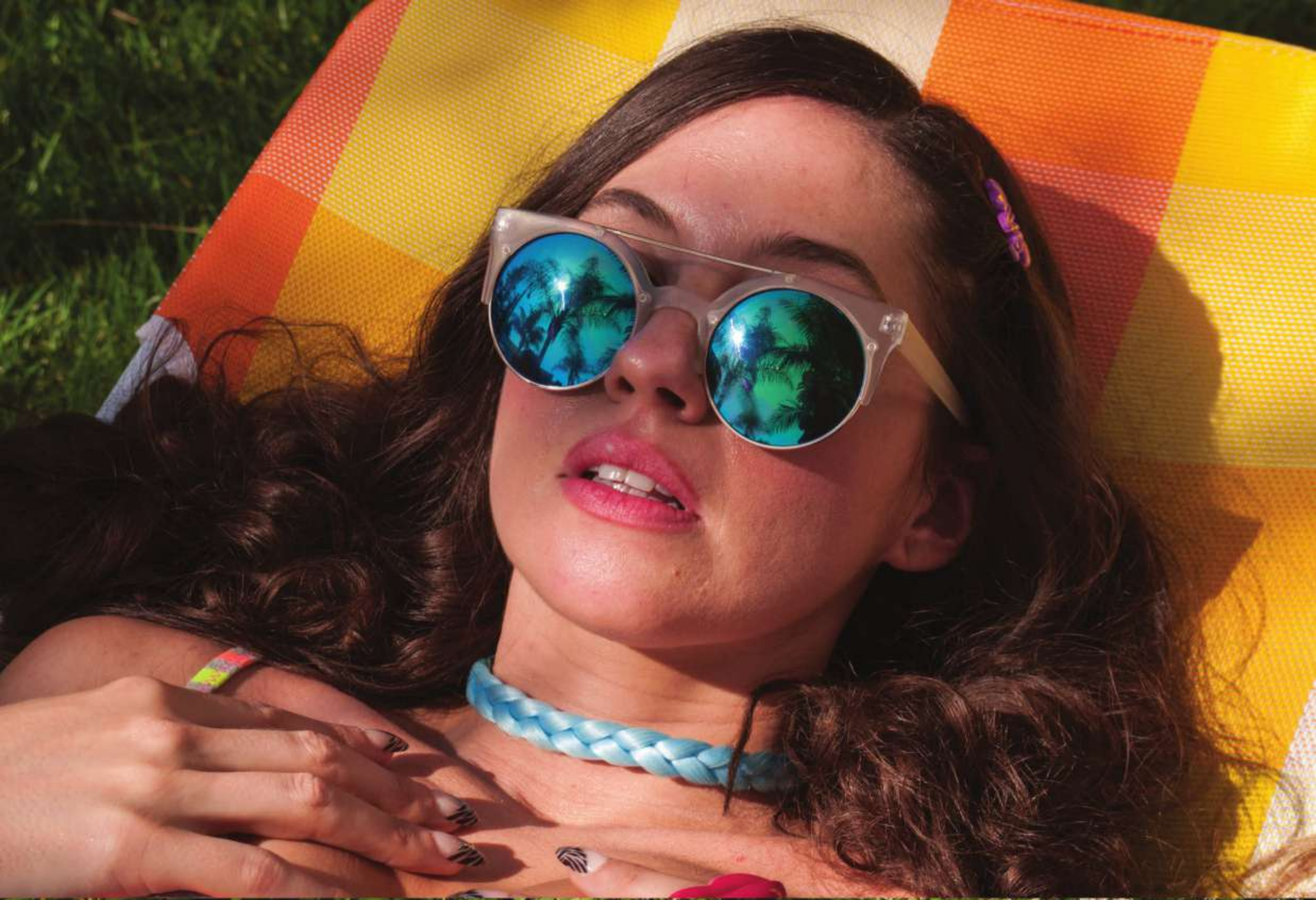
L.A. has it out for Pasquale, first of all. They tried to put him in jail. What they're trying to say he did is no different than what any other event promoter in any major city has to do to throw a party. Whether it's the cops or fire department or whatever city official, there are all kinds of corruption and maneuvering and finagling that has to go on for these parties to happen. Five years ago everyone was like, "Yeah, no, this is like a weird, freaky drug party." Now it's still a weird, freaky drug party, but it makes them a lot of fucking money, so they're like, "Yeah, sure, here you go. Here's our venue; make us tons of money." There's no more drug use that's going on at an electronic music event than at any concert. Period.

But it's different kinds of drugs.

Of course. Maybe it's alcohol, maybe it's marijuana, maybe it's whatever, but there are just as many fucked-up people at a Rascal Flatts show as there are at a rave. They realize that this is a very powerful youth culture, which scares the shit out of the government. The last thing the government wants any kid to do is take a drug that might make them think. That's the government's worst nightmare.

You have kids who are going to these things and maybe—this is what I get really excited about—they'll only go once, and maybe they won't have that epiphany that I've had where you're on a dance floor and it's three in the morning and you haven't spoken a word to anybody in hours. You're high as fuck, and you have this moment of clarity where it's just you and the music. Our country is super fucked-up and so upside down. I love how right now there are these moments where it's like, look, we're giving you this freedom. Meanwhile, they're taking 20 fucking things away from us, and no one's paying any attention to it.

I'm eight years sober, so I'm totally on the other side of the party train. But I believe that everybody has a personal journey that they've got to go figure out, and you've got to go fuck up and make mistakes and do things that are wrong. You really have to screw it up to get it right. At the end of the day I'm a raver. I'm what they are and I still am at 42. I still think the same way, and all of those lessons that I learned in the '90s from going to those parties are very much intact. >>



If drugs weren't part of that whole scene, do you think it would be as popular?

Yes, I do. I think the drugs are great. I think that amplifies it for sure. Drugs were just as much a part of jazz in the '20s as it is to rave culture, and that was a hundred years ago. Everyone in *The Great Gatsby* was snorting cocaine and taking speed. It's not a new problem. It's not even a new equation. This is just kids who want to go out. They want to have fun. They want to understand something more than what they're being told. I feel exponentially more comfortable in a crowd of 70,000 kids on drugs than I do in a small club with 50 drunk people. Alcohol brings out the absolute worst side of every human being, and I'm sorry, but ecstasy doesn't. I've never seen anyone take ecstasy and become an asshole.

But I'll tell you right now, not everybody at these parties is on drugs. I meet plenty of people who talk to me and say, "You're the reason I'm sober," which always feels wonderful. There's as much satisfaction in that as there is from making the music. What's amazing to me is that we've been fighting this fight for 20-plus years for this music to become mainstream in America. And for it to finally get here and at such a strange time because here we have our country totally economically sideways. You have kids that are going off to school and spending $100,000 to get an education so they can move back in with their parents. No wonder these kids are sprinting to raves. Who wouldn't? I would never tell them that they should shape up their act and do less drugs. Who the hell wants to hear that when you're a kid? If you want them to turn off and to stop listening to you, tell them what they should do.

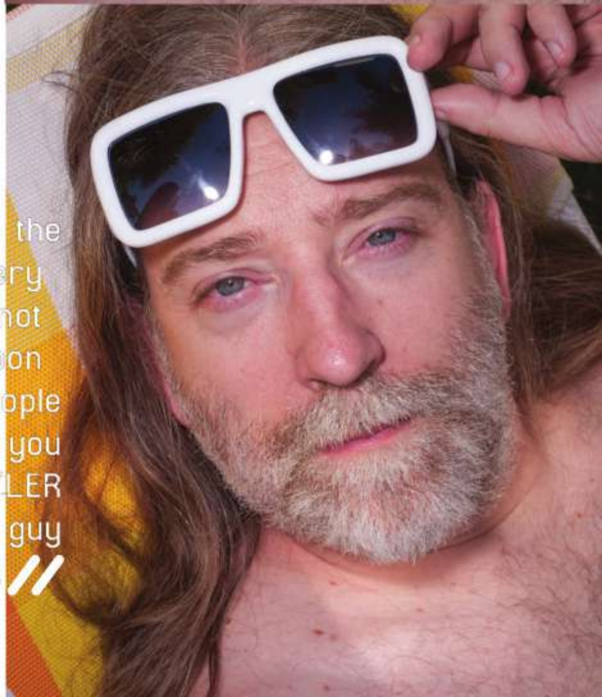
But as all of this is going down, here is this psychedelic drug culture creeping into popular culture. The mainstream part of this is going to get infinitely more mainstream, and that's going to open up an entire chasm, and the underground is going to get so much deeper and it's going to get so much druggier.

You don't think the EDM bubble will burst before that point?

Here's the logic: My lawyer has a 16-year-old son who has been skating for four years, and him and his buddies only listen to Excision and Datsik and Skrillex. Now these kids are two years away from being able to go to EDC, and they're five years away from being able to enter a nightclub. So where's this bubble that everybody's talking about? Because the kids who are 12 have been listening to dance music on the radio for four or five years now. Starting with the Black Eyed Peas and [David] Guetta and [Lady] Gaga. All of this stuff that's been on the radio—and yes it's the commercial side of it—but they've already been indoctrinated into this music, which is only going to get more complicated and take over the radio more and more. We're building an army of kids who are just dying to turn 18 so that they can go to EDC. So there is no bubble. That is an absolute preposterous concept.

Ultimately one of the most beautiful things about electronic dance music and about rave culture is that all of that muck that we were raised with and all of these hang-ups that were passed on to us from our parents and our teachers and all of the figures that shaped us in our lives, all of that goes straight down the toilet because the reason why all of those people are there is to get away from all of that. If you go into a nightclub, anyone who is in a nightclub at two o'clock in the morning has a reason to be there. >>

> I was a teenager in the '80s. HUSTLER was the shit. Larry Flynt raised hell, and he stayed very true to what he saw and wanted to do. It's not easy to be loud. It is very much frowned upon when you put it all out there. It makes people very uncomfortable, and it makes them think of you as a shit stirrer. Just because you read HUSTLER doesn't mean you're some creepy single guy who's at home collecting human heads. //

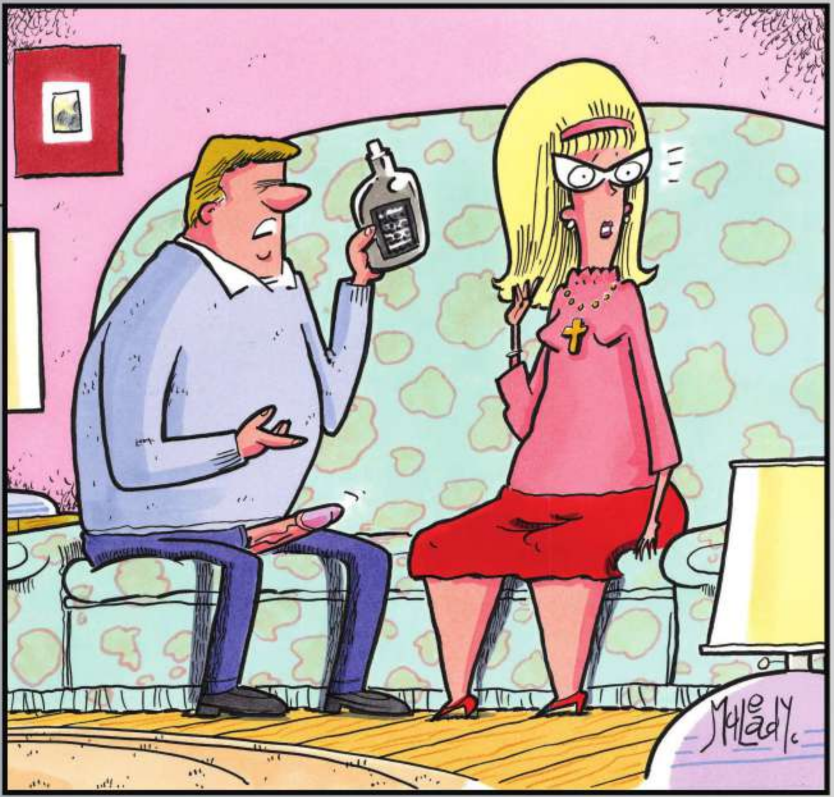


I'm in the midst of **collaborations** with half a dozen different artists. I have a record coming out on **Calvin Harris**'s label. There's a sizzle reel for a television show called *The Tipping Point*. It is going to be me interviewing all of the biggest people in this music. This is **Deadmau5**, **Skrillex**, **Avicii**, Calvin, Afrojack, like all the way down. I started writing for *The Huffington Post*, and that just blew all kinds of doors upside down. They're doing "EDM Biz." I'm going to interview the biggest guys—**Tiësto**, **Afrojack**, **Armin Van Buuren**—in a room full of fans. And we're doing "Random Access Memories: A Case Study" to discuss the **Daft Punk** record. Most electronic musicians are absolutely terrified of it. They don't have the talent or the patience to work with session musicians, and if that's the direction that this music is going, they're going to be fucked.

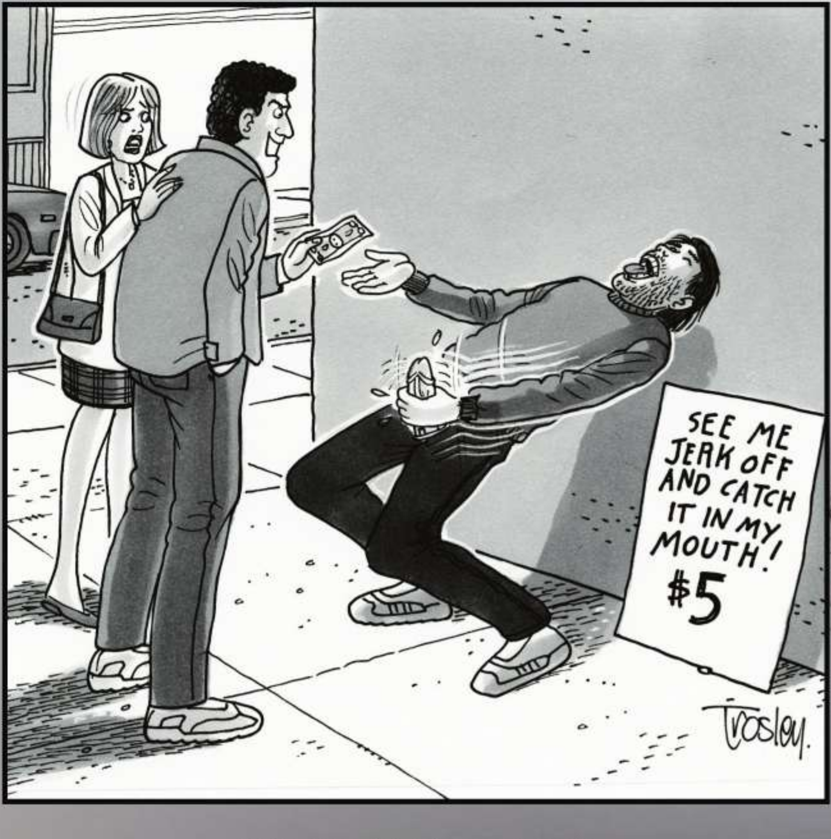
The female fan base for EDM DJs is huge, and they're all wearing skimpy tutus and bikini tops. Has that affected your marriage?

DANIELA: No. I appreciate the amount of attention he gets. I'm not the scowling DJ wife/girlfriend in the booth. I'm with the kids on the dance floor because I want to be where they are. I didn't grow up in this culture. I grew up in New York City, CBGB's rock music. I went to clubs a couple of times and it was fun. I had a great time, but it wasn't until we met that I was like wow, this is amazing and no one's going to punch me in the face. There were definitely growing pains and an adjustment period. Being able to trust him and being able to be there for him and be happy for him. But it was all worth it. Our life is amazing. Our love is amazing. And our sex is still amazing.

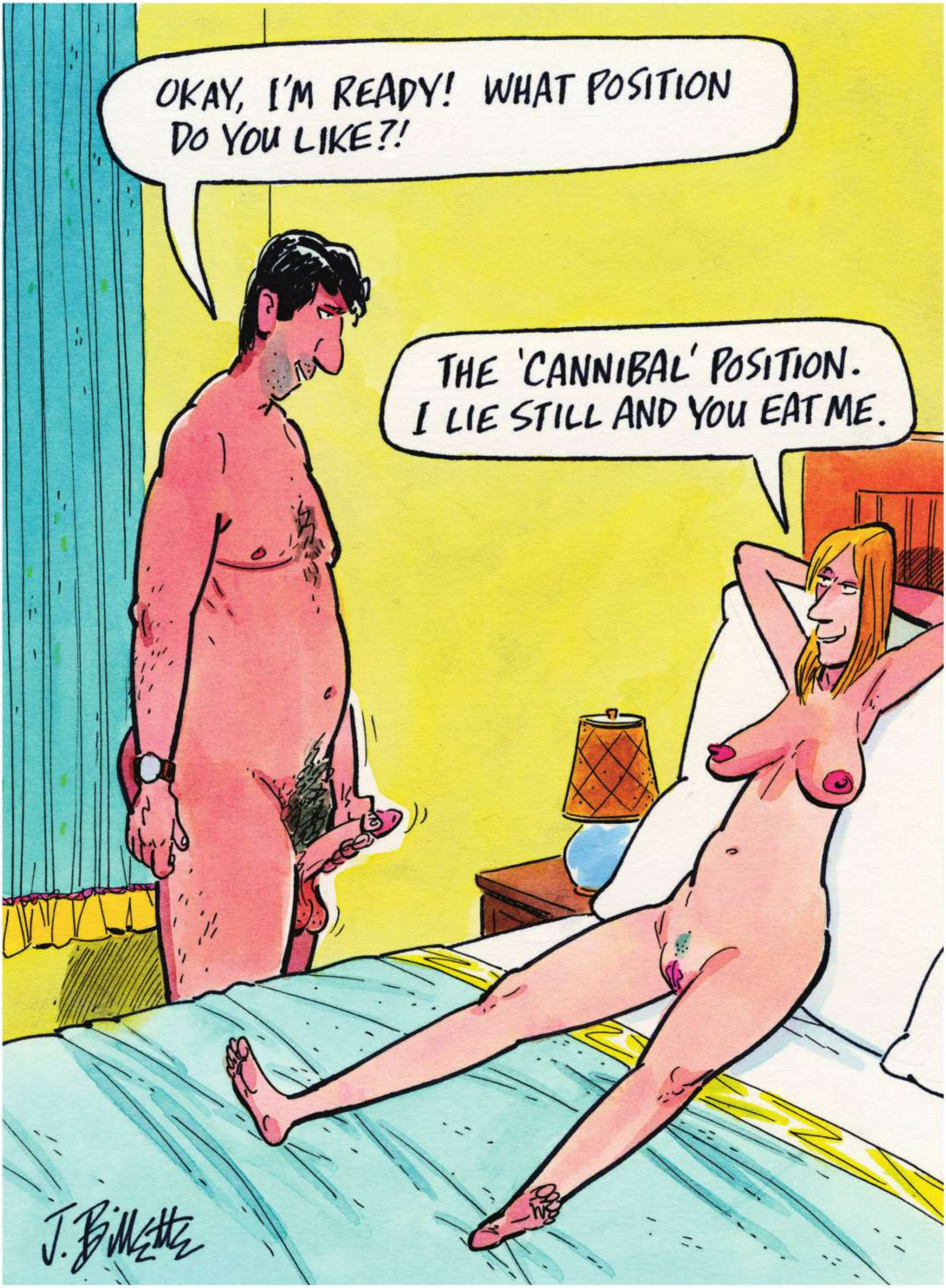
TOMMIE: There are just as many dentists at a dental convention in Cleveland sleeping around on their wives as there are DJs doing the same thing. You're on the road, you're apart from the person you're with, and you're either monogamous to them or you're not. Most people are just really genuine. I was with Simon Lamb, who's the COO of Insomniac, and his wife and we walked out into the crowd, and two seconds after we got out of the VIP, it was, "Tommie! Tommie! Can we take a picture?" We couldn't make it five feet. There was a moment where I turned to his wife, and she asked me, "Does that ever get to be too much to you?" And I said, "If I ever finish a gig and walk out into a crowd and people want to take pictures with me and it annoys me, I'm done." H



"If alcohol will never touch your lips, how about a big, juicy, throbbing cock?"


SEE ME JERK OFF AND CATCH IT IN MY MOUTH! $5
Trosley.

"Oh, Harold, please don't!"


OKAY, I'M READY! WHAT POSITION DO YOU LIKE?!
THE 'CANNIBAL' POSITION. I LIE STILL AND YOU EAT ME.
J. Billette

DAHLIA
SKY

FLYING HIGH

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY LARRY FLYNT
PRODUCTIONS

Does this cutie look familiar? **Dahlia Sky** used to call herself Bailey Blue. Her name changed, but she didn't. "I love—absolutely love—sex. I'm really horny, so a job where I get to go to work and fuck and get paid—perfect. And I think I do it really well," **Dahlia Sky** brags, "especially blowjobs. Plus I just learned how to squirt!"

The guys who run our nuclear reactors are geniuses, right? Well, in the "you can't make this up" department, think again. Homer Simpson's got nothin' on these bozos!

Insanely dangerous and ridiculously expensive—just two of the "normal" problems with nuclear reactors. They also radiate the neighbors, superheat our air and water, occasionally blow up and threaten the whole planet with radioactive pollution, not to mention a few other problems here and there.

But although they clearly think of themselves as super-duper smart, what we too often miss is how insanely incompetent the idiots who design and run nuclear-power plants really can be. Remember: It was industry leader Entergy—owner of 11 reactors—that blacked out Super Bowl XLVII.

Let's start with some notable Keystone Kop moments from the "good old days" of the industry's birth.

- While building the atomic bomb, a highly trained scientist by the name of Louis Slotin fried himself while "tickling the dragon's tail" with radioactive blocks. In other words, he almost set off a disastrous nuclear chain reaction. He died nine days later.

- At a Florida power reactor in 1968, when the industry was still in its beta phase, operators plugged a pipe with a basketball wrapped in tape. Another plant's cooling system, this time at the University of Florida, was hooked up to the toilets, which could not be flushed while the nuke operated. Yet another cooling system at a plant in Alaska ran through the water fountain, irradiating the drinking water.

- In Northern California the Bodega Bay reactor was scuttled when geologists discovered it would sit directly atop a major earthquake fault. Down the coast the builders of the huge Diablo Canyon complex (also near numerous fault lines) installed pipe restraints on a multi-hundred-ton reactor pressure vessel backward. That flub basically sabotaged the plant's earthquake protection.

- Michigan's massive Midland Nuclear Power Plant project was sited on marshy ground and began to sink, forcing a revamp—and eventual abandonment—that cost ratepayers hundreds of millions.

So have things gotten better? Hardly.

- In early 2013 a very expensive flatcar carrying a 300-ton pressure vessel failed in South Carolina and had to be dragged back to Port of Savannah, Georgia.

- In Ohio boric acid ate a hole in a pressure vessel to within a fraction of an inch of contaminating the state's entire north coast and most of the Great Lakes. The issue was only exposed when a worker happened to bang into one of the control-rod tubes and it moved.

- A nuke in Finland, under construction since 2005, is now billions of euros overbudget and years behind schedule partly because the contractors are using low-paid day laborers from all over Europe who speak so many different languages, they can't communicate with each other or their bosses.

- Back in the U.S., Georgia's new Vogtle reactors are already far behind schedule and upwards of $700 million overbudget in part because substandard concrete might have to be removed or replaced. Rebar steel used in containment domes is also not to spec.

- Nebraska's Fort Calhoun reactor, supposedly safe from flooding, has been flooded. A truck driver punctured an on-site dam, adding to the mess. Some three dozen U.S. reactors could be inundated by upriver dam breaks.

- In Virginia, where at least six workers have died in reactor accidents, the 2011 earthquake—which also damaged the Washington Monument—exceeded design specifications for at least two reactors. Dozens of U.S. nukes could be crumbled by quakes, since design specifications are just a guessing game.

- In Florida owners of the Crystal River 3 Nuclear Power Plant so badly botched repairs (costing more than $1 billion) that it will never reopen.

- In Southern California the owners of San Onofre Units 2 and 3 paid Mitsubishi more than $600 million for steam generators that don't work, leading to the permanent shutdown of both reactors. Not an isolated incident: Four of America's 104 reactors went down in 2013.

All these "minor" idiocies pale in comparison to the proverbial Big One, which has not hit the U.S.—so far. But how does "damn close" again and again make you feel?

- Fermi I, 1966: A sodium-cooled fast breeder almost turned southeastern Michigan into a radioactive megacrater. While police contemplated evacuating Detroit, Fermi became a $100-million pile of rad trash.

- Three Mile Island, 1979: Sticky valves, busted gauges and human error took the northeastern U.S. to the brink of the apocalypse. As Unit 2's core melted (the owners denied it until internal cameras caught their lie), radiation poured into central Pennsylvania, killing thousands of animals and dozens of people (which the owners also deny). If not for a strengthened containment dome demanded by citizen activists, the entire nation could have been hit by fallout.

If those "near misses" aren't enough for you, let's go to Ukraine and Japan, where the idiots brought us the Real Thing.

- At the old Soviet Union's Chernobyl Unit 4, in April 1986, workers doing a late-night "experiment" caused an explosion that Russian scientists now say killed a million people and counting. Lethal fallout poisoned food and lungs across the USSR in less than two weeks. Thousands of downwind square miles in Ukraine and Belarus remain uninhabitable.

- At Japan's Fukushima power plant the idiot designers stuck the emergency generators in the basement, where they were flooded by the 2011 tsunami. Every one of Japan's 54 reactors are vulnerable to earthquakes and tsunamis—as are both reactors still operating in California.

Fukushima 1, 2, 3 and 4 exploded after the earthquake and tsunami hit the area. Radiation continues to pour into the Pacific Ocean. A pool with more than 1,300 intensely radioactive fuel rods still precariously

ATTACK OF THE ATOMIC IDIOTS

By Harvey Wasserman

Illustration by Nick Georgiou

hangs 100 feet in the air. If the next earthquake brings it down, it will spew thousands of times more radiation than was released at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

As it is, radioactive water pours through the facility with no end in sight. Some two dozen nukes with similar designs operate in the U.S. No wonder no private company will insure these reactors. Or take their wastes.

The next disaster is not if but when. Solar panels, windmills and biofuel technology are now cheaper, cleaner and safer. But the atomic industry is spending millions to oppose all that. One clear fact remains: Only green power can put the atomic idiots out of business...hopefully before they kill us all.

Harvey Wasserman, author of *Solartopia! Our Green-Powered Earth*, has been writing on nuclear energy since 1973. For more, go to **HarveyWasserman.com** and **Solartopia.org**.

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"I always keep my coochie smooth, and I want any girls I hook up with to be the same way."

MARCY

"I always wanted my body to be exposed," reveals this "energetic and very persistent" dental assistant from Scottsdale, Arizona. "So being naked in HUSTLER was the perfect way to come out of my shell." And at a perfect time: Marcy will turn 19 in June. By the way, the 5-foot-7 hiking buff's favorite destination is the Vaginal Trail. "I'm not too experienced with girls," she admits, "but I'm a great cuddle bunny and fast learner. I love making out, being fingered and eating a nice shaved pussy. I don't like pubic hairs getting stuck in my teeth." Marcy, who'd like to meet Ellen DeGeneres, comes out with a sizzling lesbo fantasy: "a threesome with Megan Fox and Ashley Benson at some rich guy's house in Hollywood." *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

"My fantasy is to come home and find my guy waiting for me in candlelight! It's always nice to be romanced."

LISA MARIE

"I wanted to get out of my normal comfort zone and take a bold step," professes this medical-field worker from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. But Lisa Marie, 23, might not be content to titillate only *Beaver Hunt* peepers. "I've thought about testing out the topless laws in various cities," the 5-foot-10 newbie explains. Lisa Marie—who tabs herself as "caring, spontaneous and blunt"—has definitely passed the great girlfriend test: "I always do things to make my boyfriend happy and push him to be his best. I bake some mean cupcakes, I can cook the perfect dinner, I'm a huge NASCAR fan, and I take care of business." On that note, Lisa Marie discloses, "I'm straight, passionate, adventurous and loyal. Gentlemen may prefer blondes, but it takes a real man to handle a redhead. I'm a genuine ginger with a ton of talents—and not just in the bedroom. I kick butt playing video games." And, we'll add, Lisa Marie digs the alt-rock band Imagine Dragons and songbirds Lindsey Stirling and Avril Lavigne. *—Photos by Friend*

NATALIE SUMMERS

Getting this "kindhearted and generous" 20-year-old from Chico, California, to join the Beaver colony wasn't hard at all. "I was born in the nude," Natalie Summers notes. "I sleep in the nude. I guess I'm at my best nude! I'm a good person who enjoys life and trying new things." Shopping, traveling, action flicks, porn and listening to Drake tunes are a few of Natalie's "things," but interacting with friends and new admirers is her favorite. "In social settings I can easily be the life of the party," the 5-foot-1 darling marvels. "In private settings I *am* the party." That takes us to Carson City, Nevada's Love Ranch bordello, where her sexmates are in for a treat. "I like it all, including anal," asserts Natalie, whose fantasy is her first double penetration. "I can squirt, and I have a fetish for men without boundaries." But not for pesky bugs. One of Natalie's unforgettable escapades was "pulling over on the side of a road because we couldn't wait any longer and got a whole bunch of mosquito bites." *—Photos by John Cole*

Twitter.com/1NatalieSummers • email: NatalieSummers@LoveRanch.net

"I like it romantic and seductive, but I don't mind being fucked like a slut."

TABATHA

"Being naked is my passion, and being naked in HUSTLER was my goal," toots Tabatha, 26, an "outgoing and bi" waitress from Portland, Oregon. "I know your readers will love seeing my body." Not to mention learning what the 5-foot-2 Beaver Stater does in her spare time: "I like *American Dad*, shopping, dancing and partying, but I'm more into making my own porn at home. I love sex, threesomes most of all. Nothing beats being on top of another girl who's eating my pussycat—meow, meow!—while I'm getting fucked from behind." Tabatha, who's done the dirty deed in a park and back alley, has an illuminating fantasy: "I want to lose my anal virginity in a lighthouse." *—Photos by Friend*

"I'd love to have Bryan Adams or Bret Michaels behind me. Older men turn me on!"

LEENA LOVELY

We couldn't think of a better grand finale than bringing back this "fun, loving, erotic, energetic and intelligent" hottie from Carson City, Nevada. Leena Lovely looks magnificent in her birthday suit, and the 4-foot-11 full-access Beaver will be blowing out 26 candles on the last day of June. "I want to thank HUSTLER for giving me another opportunity to tempt your readers," coos Ms. Lovely, who's "open to all kinds of sexual experiences" at the Moonlite BunnyRanch. "And a special thanks to Tex for all of his hard work and just all-around wonderfulness. My six-page layout in *Best of Beaver Hunt [#128]* was a wonderful surprise. Wow!" That's a word heard constantly in Leena's lair. And *Leena69Lovely* will take you to her Twitter and Facebook realms. —*Photos by Lance Kincaid*

"Please send me a tweet or send yourself!"

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* showcases want you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *RCG* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

EXTRA BUCKS FOR BUSH!

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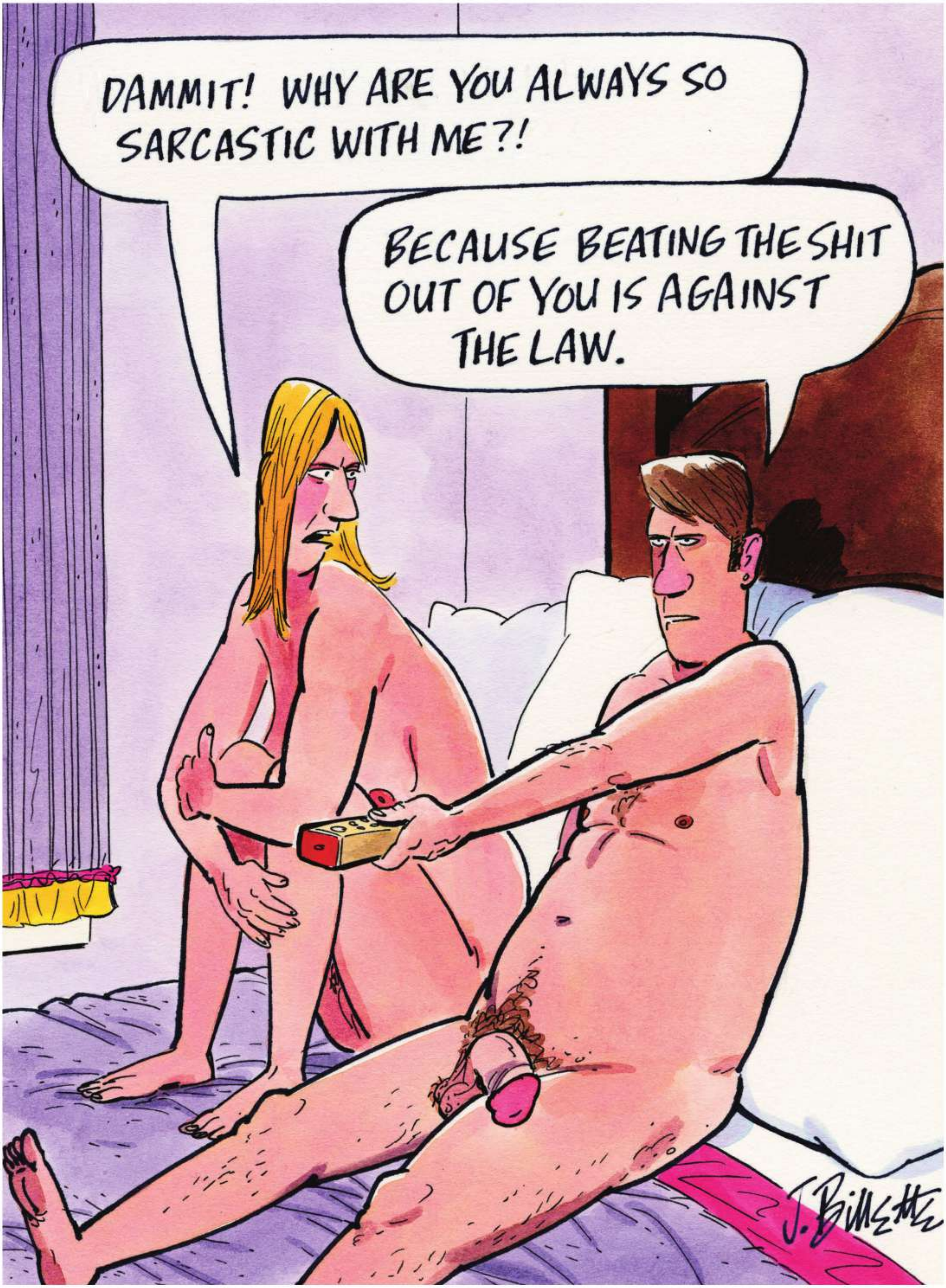

DAMMIT! WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS SO SARCASTIC WITH ME?!
BECAUSE BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF YOU IS AGAINST THE LAW.
J. Billette

HUSTLER PERSONALS

Stop wasting time and cash in bars

Start Chatting

We've found really great, cute girls who just want the same thing you do... **TO HAVE A GOOD TIME**.

Chat With REAL GIRLS NOW right in your area

COME INSIDE

Its time to make things Personal.

Elle
818-3?4-23??

NOONERS

INTERVIEWS BY ALEX RENTON

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY
HUSTLER VIDEO

HUSTLER'S Breakroom Betties help us violate workplace standards on the set of *Sex at Lunch*. Suck it, Human Resources.

Cindy Starfall

This movie's being shot as if people are shooting it with their cellphones. Got anything good on your phone right now?

I have a bunch of dirty pictures, but I don't have any videos yet. I haven't gotten a chance to convince any guy to kind of want to be on it, you know?

I'm raising my hand.

I know, anytime! (*Changes subject quickly.*) But I have a lot of dirty pictures on it. It's funny, you know, when someone asks you, "Hey, let me see your phone," I say, "Hold on," then I'm going to hit delete, delete, delete, delete. Then I'll say, "Here you go."

I just have pictures of my dog.

Aww, that's cute. She's naked though.

She's always naked. What's the dirtiest thing on your phone?

Me having a shitload of cums all over my face. Like I remember, there was like four guys gangbang. You could just see a bunch of spit running down from my lips down to my neck. It was a hot picture. Definitely keeping it away from my mom.

CINDY STARFALL

LEYA FALCON

THE HUMAN SKULL

KARINA KAY

KAGNEY LINN KARTER

Kagney Linn Karter

I like the microphone that your smartphone has on it.

I designed it.

Did you really?

No. May I ask why you're sweating?

We just played Ping-Pong. I looked great doing it, but I think you won.

That's all I wanted to hear. Anything juicy on your cellphone?

Definitely.

Anything you want to elaborate on?

I pretty much take naked pictures every day. There's probably other disturbing things too.

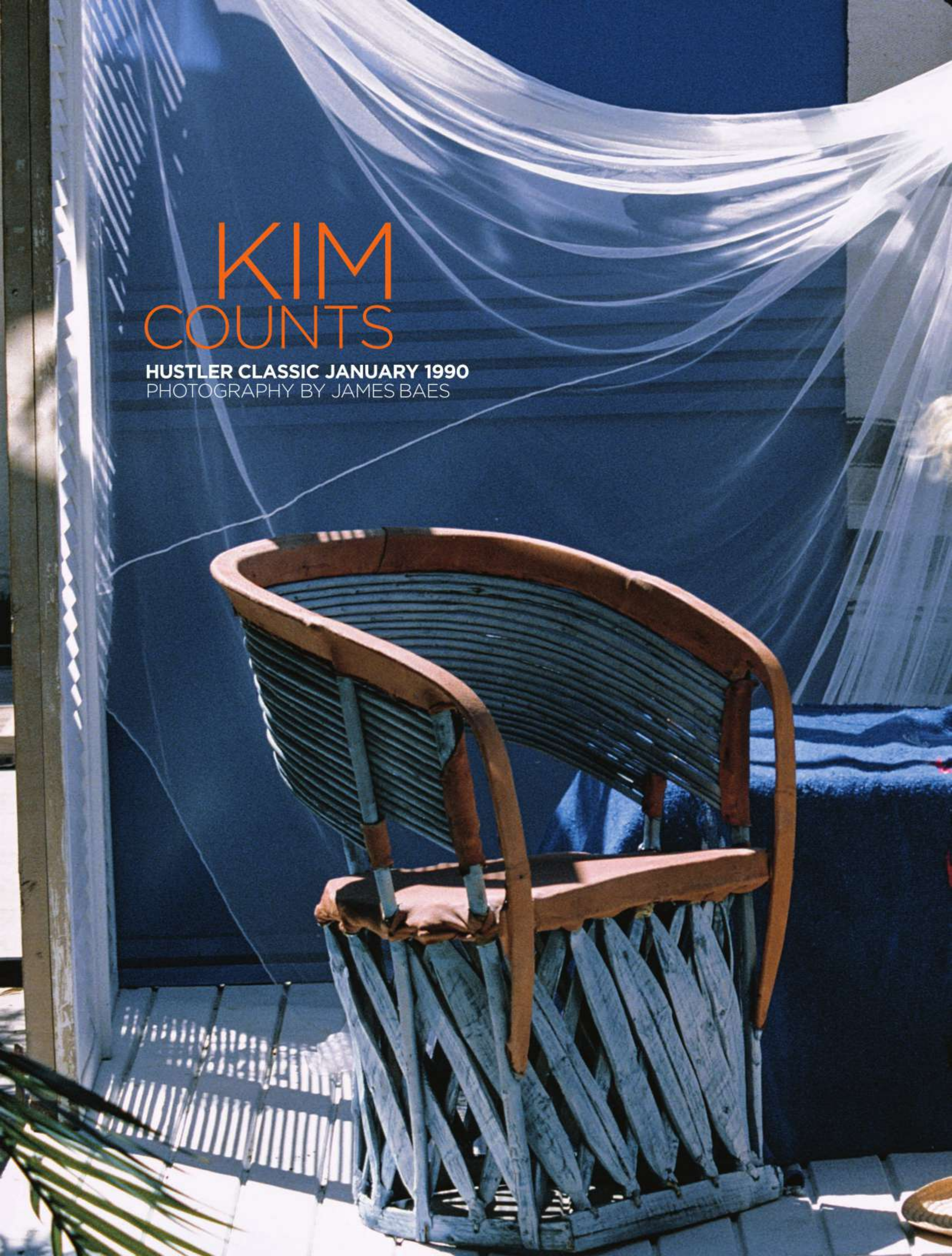
Anything you're especially proud of?

Not especially, no.

I couldn't help but notice the dirty picture. Could you tell us about that?

That's my vagina! The funny thing is, a lot of times I take these pictures for my Instagram and Twitter, so it's not really for my own, just to stroke my ego so my fans can say, "Oh my God, you look so gorgeous!" I guess that's pretty personal, but I'm just doing an act of selflessness and putting my vagina on the Internet for people to enjoy.

That's what the Internet is for.



KIM COUNTS

HUSTLER CLASSIC JANUARY 1990

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

Algebra isn't **Kim**'s cup of tea—she'd rather be playing with her horse—but her daddy's a math professor, and she's got to pass that test! While her head is swimming with baffling, transfinite cardinals, she counts with her fingers, at least up to ten, which is as high as she needs to go.

COMING SOON

NAKED KICKS ON ROUTE 66

Strip for your country! Photographer Nate "Igor" Smith travels America's Main Street in search of true-blue beauties with a real patriotic streak.

WHY MEN FAKE IT

Feel bad that she didn't come? Worried you can't keep it hard? Brutally honest dick doctor Abraham Morgentaler understands your pain. Here's an interview to share with the one you love (to fuck).

BEAVER BASH

Your favorite amateur showcase is officially 38 years young! July's gaggle of girls-next-door is bigger and filthier than ever—and they're all coming to the party in their birthday suits.

BOOTLEGGERS' BOOTY

HBO's *Boardwalk Empire* has been teasing us with its slutty whores and mistresses long enough. Time for the flappers to start serving up some cooch with their hooch.

SKYLAR

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